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Selections.

Life in the Land of Chivalry.

THREE MONTHS IN PRISON FOR HAVING YOUR OWN OPINION.

[illegible]

Mr. Arthur Robinson, a young man about twenty-eight years of age, who was expelled from New Orleans for entertaining views not favorable to slavery, called at our office yesterday and related his experience of the liberty of speech and freedom of opinion in the Crescent City as follows: He resided in New Orleans for seven years, up to the 11th of March, 1861. He has always been strongly opposed to slavery, and hoped to see it abolished by lawful means. For four years he was the publisher of the New Orleans *True Witness*, an Old School Presbyterian paper, but never inserted in that journal an article expressive of anti-slavery sentiments. He was a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Orleans, and when that city was devastated by yellow fever, he had charge of one of the largest districts, in the way of affording relief to the suffering, and providing for the burial of the poor among the dead. His views of slavery he says, were never concealed from such as desired to know them. He was known as the warm advocate of Fremont in the campaign of 1856.

Immediately after the election of Mr. Lincoln, however, at a secession meeting in New Orleans, a list of the names of residents hostile to slavery was made up, and his among them. Spies were set upon his track and means most cowardly and lawless were resorted to to collect evidence against him. On the 29th of November, at the instance of Joseph Bass—known principally in connection with the ownership of a race-horse—and J. K. Sprague, a Post-Office Agent, he was arrested and taken before the Mayor. These two minions of despotism obtained an order from "his Honor" to search Robinson's house. They found in it, among other things, a copy of "Barnes's Scriptural Views of Slavery," a scrap book full of anti-slavery extracts, and a number of copies of the Boston *Liberator*. These were regarded as proof most positive of his violation of a statute law of the sovereign State of Louisiana. The Mayor remonstrated with Robinson, and regretted that he was compelled to commit him for trial on such a serious charge. In the presence of the municipal dignitary, Bass said that if Robinson was released and entered the streets again, he (Bass) would shoot him down, and Mr. Mayor opened not his mouth in reproof of such an outburst of Southern chivalry. Robinson was committed to jail on the 29th of November, and remained there till the 11th of March—103 days. During his incarceration, the jailer frequently said that he would give "the d—d Abolitionist" up to any mob of ten men who should call for him and agree to lynch him.

It is required by the laws of Louisiana that, before any case shall be submitted to the Grand Jury, the prisoner shall be examined before a County Recorder, to ascertain if there be probable cause to believe him guilty; this was not done in Robinson's case. The Grand Jury found a "true bill" against him. There were several counts in the indictment, as follows: Using language calculated to excite discontent among free persons of color, and insubordination among slaves; bringing into the State a copy of "Barnes's Scriptural Views of Slavery." (This was false, as Mr. Robinson purchased the book in the city of New Orleans.) The third and fourth counts were in relation to the Boston *Liberator* and the scrap book before noticed. It was charged that he had brought the scrap book into the State, which was not the case. As to the Boston *Liberator*, he had been a subscriber to it for two years, and he had received it regularly up to the time of the secession excitement. While in jail, he received information that his liberty could be purchased from the keeper for $250. He was taken before the Criminal Court on the 11th of March, but it was then discovered that the ignorance of the "Grand Jurors" had been more than a match for this intended villany. The indictment charged that the incendiary documents had been found in Robinson's house on the 1st of December, whereas the "prisoner" was in jail on that day, and had been committed because of the discovery of the books. This flaw in the indictment procured his release, on condition of his leaving the city within twenty-four hours.

THE HUNTERS AND THEIR GAME.

BY A NORTHERNER IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

To the Editors of The Independent.

IN the wilds of some of the slave States, and particularly in South Carolina, there are bands of roaming negroes, fugitives from the slave plantations, who live on the game they kill, and on the proceeds of such as they do not require for food. At times they add to their larder by capturing a stray hog or other animal on the borders of the settlements. An account of these bands, their mode of living, and varied experience, and more especially of the mode of hunting them, would form not the least interesting chapter in the history of the slave system.

As has been said, they are fugitives from the slave plantations, whom cruelty and suffering have driven to the swamps and forests, where, while enjoying the freedom thus found, they are at the same time probably the lowest type of civilization anywhere found in our country. They go in squads of from five to fifteen. Generally there are but few women among them. They are of all ages, from young children to old men.

The hunting of these people, if not a favorite sport of the field and forest in certain regions of the South, is certainly a fact, whether for sport or some other equally humane purpose. In some parts it is done with dogs, and is attended with excessive cruelty.

The following narrative of an excursion for this kind of game is in almost the precise language of a participant and apologist:

It was on a Friday in autumn that a party of seven of us, all planters' sons, were out on a tramp across the country to a neighboring plantation, some half-dozen miles distant. We had substituted pedestrianism for the usual horseback mode of performing such short excursions, and to make the distance the shortest possible, we took as near a direct course as we could, which led us most of the way through a forest, which, though a fine piece of country, was little frequented, except occasionally by the sportsmen following a deer. We had performed probably half of the distance, and were consequently three or four miles in the depth of the forest, when our party came suddenly on the camp of a party of wandering negroes. It was a mutual surprise. There were some half-dozen in the camp, and they were at that moment engaged in dining on a quarter of mutton which they had roasted over a fire, and to obtain which they had no doubt made a recent visit to the nearest plantation. Unwilling to miss their meal, or because they perceived that we were not armed, the negroes did not move at our approach, but, springing to their feet, prepared to receive us in whatever shape we might come. There was one lusty fellow among them, probably their leader—worth in market, in good times, full $1,500. The idea of capturing the fellow seemed to have entered the mind of each one of the party, for with scarcely a word we all rushed upon him. The others ran or hid. The fellow, perceiving our movement, planted himself with his back against a large tree. The man who reached him first went sprawling in a twinkling. Three others went to keep him company, propelled by the long and withy arm of the negro. The remaining three, of whom I was one, made a simultaneous rush with clubs. A well-aimed blow brought the fellow to the ground, when those whom he had sent sprawling coming up, we felt sure of our game. But in a moment, even before we could follow up our advantage, he was on his feet, ferocious as a lion with a torn ear. He fairly foamed at the mouth, and swore such oaths as I never before heard. He did not wait for us to make another onset, which it is likely we would have been unwilling to do, but he rushed upon us, striking right and left. Some three or four of our party felt the force of his blows before we could get out of the fellow's way. He did not chase us far, but seeing that he was well rid of us, went back to the camp. Our party, which had become scattered by the rough incident, rendezvonsed an hour after at our place of destination. On our relating what had occurred to our friend and his two grown-up sons, whom we had come to see, it was agreed that on the following day there should be a hunt for the fugitives, which we promised ourselves should have a different result from this unexpected encounter.

Accordingly, the next day, a party of twelve, all of us planters or planters' sons, met at the appointed place to set out on the hunt. We were all mounted and armed with rifles, and, in some instances, revolvers also. It was a jolly and well appointed party. We did not, as was our custom when deer or other fourfooted animals were to be hunted, take along one or more favorite negroes to act as game-keepers. The reason why we did not must be obvious, and was quite natural. So, recruiting ourselves from the saddle bags, the party set out. Judging from the place where the fugitives had been found on the day previous, we concluded that they were then about a dozen miles distant, in a deep wood beyond the sluggish river, which had its source in the swamps not far off. We therefore set out for the nearest ford, which was several miles above, to reach which by the shortest route we took across a swampy and wholly unfrequented tract. Our progress was necessarily slow, in consequence of the character of the ground over which we were picking our way. We had probably made four or five miles, when we came right upon the camp of the fellows of the previous day. Our recognition was simultaneous. Their number seemed to have been increased, for in an instant there seemed to be fifteen or twenty fellows running in different directions. Of course we fired quickly as possible and brought down three or four at the first round. Those of us who had been engaged in the previous encounter recognized the huge fellow that had dealt us the hard blows the day before. He did not stop to give us fight this time, but ran like a deer. Half a dozen of us gave chase. Mounted as we were, he had rather the advantage of us at first, except we were armed and he not. The distance between us was not over one hundred yards. We shouted to him to stop, preferring to capture so saleable a fellow alive rather than kill him outright. Not regarding the summons, it was repeated, with the additional hint of three or four shots from our rifles. But he heeded neither. By this time the whole party was on his track, and repeated shots were fired at him, one of which we were certain had hit him, for he gave a screech like a hyena, though he did not materially slacken his pace. The chase was kept up for some time, with shot after shot. It was one of exciting interest, which was increased by the fact that the fellow kept on his course like a deer. At length some half dozen of us, though without concert, fired simultaneously, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the negro drop. We were soon up with him. A ball had struck him in the knee. He was all the more ferocious, and was far from giving up. He had raised up so as to seat himself against a tree, and one of the party dismounting, approached him, when the fellow dealt him a levelling blow. What rifles there were among us that contained shots were fired almost simultaneously, and the negro stretched his length at the foot of the tree. We gave him no further attention.

Retracing our steps, we came upon four felons, who gave themselves up to us. Tying their arms, we drove them before us to the plantation of one of the party. In a little more than ten days from that time one of our party returned from New Orleans, to which market he had taken the fugitives. He brought $3,600 to divide among the party. We called it a pretty good hunt for one day.

—Such is the narrative of one who was a participant in the scenes. I give it to your readers without note or comment.

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN IN FLORIDA.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: In January last, the Indian Queen arrived at St. Mark's, Florida, from Aspinwall, for a cargo of cotton. The second officer and myself were taken down with the Chagres fever, and were sent ashore to the United States Marine Hospital. The physician to the hospital was a violent Secessionist, and a delegate to the Secession Convention. After we had been a few days in the hospital, the physician came home from the Convention and told us that the State had seceded, and turned us out of the hospital. I have paid Marine Hospital dues for twenty-two years, and this was the first time that I had ever had occasion to receive any benefit from these humane institutions, established by the government, but supported by seamen. Being thus ordered out of what I considered my home while an invalid, I was obliged to pay $30 for my expenses while there sick. The physician said he thought it well for the Southern States to remain in the Union so long as they had the government in their hands; but, as they had now lost control of it, they would break up the Union. He thought as the United States had now no further use for the hospital, they would give that and other public works in the State up to Florida.

The Indian Queen lay about half a mile from land, though some ten miles below the town. We had in our crew seven colored men—able seamen. A plot was formed to take these out of the ship and sell them into slavery; but the conspirators (among them a Judge of the Supreme Court) were overheard at their midnight meeting, and the captain was informed by 2 o'clock in the morning of the danger that threatened his crew. He rose immediately, hired the only steamboat in the place, and by daylight had the ship towed over the bar outside, some five miles from shore and beyond the jurisdiction of Florida. I was on shore at the time, and heard, the next morning, about the tallest swearing among the conspirators that ever greeted my ears. The Judge seemed to be the most enraged of any at the escape of his prey. They then threatened to go outside and kidnap the crew; but a report gained credit that the vessel was armed and the crew would give the kidnappers a bloody reception if they attempted it. Besides, the vessel was then on the high seas, which would make it piracy. I was questioned as to how many negroes we had aboard, and what kind of hands they were.

A few days after the Ordinance of Secession passed, a resident of St. Mark's remarked that he thought the North were right and the South wrong; whereupon they seized and stripped and whipped him, and started him North on the train, with directions to run him out of the country.

WALTER D. MADDOCKS,
First Officer of bark Indian Queen.

New York, March 16, 1861.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF SOUTHERN HUMANITY.

William H. Turner, of Manchester, N. H., by profession an engineer and machinist, had for four years been in the habit of spending his winters on the plantation of Woodworth & Son, at Clintonville, S. C., about seventeen miles from Charleston. Before the Presidential election, in reply to a question of one of his fellow-workmen, he said that if he had the casting vote he would give it for Mr. Lincoln. About two weeks after the election, he was visited at the plantation by two men, probably Vigilance Committee men, who asked him if he had said what is reported above. He replied that he had. They then exhibited a warrant for his arrest, and informed him that he must go with them. The charge was of expressing Abolition sentiments.

Mr. Turner accompanied the men to Charleston, and was taken to the jail, where he was received by the turnkey and immediately locked up. As he passed through the streets, the bystanders hissed, hooted, and assailed him with threats of hanging, tar, and whipping, following after to the jail, and there collecting in a large mob. These waited at the prison, clamoring for his life, and threatening to kill the jailer if the prisoner was not given up. After dusk, the horse patrol came about and dispersed the mob.

During the night, Mr. Turner suffered from hunger, but more acutely from thirst, the weather being most sultry and oppressive. In the morning, the sheriff, whose name, he thinks, was Snodgrass, called at the jail, and the prisoner asked him if he would be pleased to give him a drink of water. The Sheriff replied, "Go to h—l and get water, if you want it!" Some hours later, the turnkey was also asked for a cup of cold water. His reply was, "Send down East and get it!" In the afternoon he was taken before the "Vigilant Committee Tribunal," over which he thinks Judge Jeffers presided. He was asked his name, and whether he had said what was charged against him. He replied that he had said it. The Judge then tore up the original warrant, saying that another Court must take cognizance of the case, and ordered the prisoner back to jail, using the foulest language, and declaring that he ought to be hanged.

Mr. Turner was then taken back to his cell, a bare stone apartment, 27 inches wide and about eight feet long, dark, except when the full blaze of the sun fell on a skylight, which reflected some feeble rays. He passed that night, and every day and night of his imprisonment, in this hole, without a shred of bedding, or a piece of furniture of any sort, excepting a pail. The next morning, thirty-six hours after he was first taken, a small bit of hard black bread and a pint of impure water was put into the cell and this was the allowance for each day during his confinement.

He was kept in jail till Monday, the 11th inst. During the period of this imprisonment—more than 14 weeks—he saw no one but the attendants at the jail; his employer did not come to him, or communicate with him in any way. On the morning of the 11th of March, young Mr. Woodworth called on Mr. Turner, and said he would do the best he could to have him sent safely away, and that the wages due, $2[illegible]8, would be paid to him before he went. He then disappeared, and Mr. Turner saw him no more. The prisoner was shortly taken to the court room, and asked by the Judge if he would leave the [illegible] hours if he should be released. He replied that he would leave if he could get away. He was then sent, in charge of the sheriff, to the steamer, on which he worked his passage to this city. The mob howled after him on his way to the wharf and endeavored to get him out of the officer's hands to lynch him, but were unsuccessful. As one of his minor experiences it may be said that, before his arrest, he had left his watch and chain with a watchmaker for repairs to the former. When he called for it, on his way to the vessel which was to take him home, the watchmaker refused to give either up, telling the owner to "go to h—l"—a favorite manner of discharging obligations with the South Carolinians.—*Tribune.*

INHUMAN TREATMENT OF A BLACK MAN.

From The Newbern (N. C.) Press.

There can be no doubt but the more intelligent portion of the blacks in the South, free and slave, feel that they are somewhat elevated by the election of Lincoln. This view is strengthened by the frequent acts of insolence and insubordination of late. The following is from *The Salisbury Watchman.* We can't see how Sib should be an object of pity. The failure to hang him may cost some white man his life yet:

"Sib Rankin, a free man of color, for some time past employed by Messrs. Waterhouse and Bowes in the Gas House, at this place, got into an altercation with another free negro on Sunday, the 17th instant, near the depot; and, in the midst of the disturbance between them, Mr. P. Williamson, a magistrate, interfered and struck Sib with a stick, for which he struck Mr. Williamson, and then fled. He was pursued and overtaken by white men, but refused to be taken, and threatened to kill with a knife (which he held in his hand) any one who should approach him. He also threw a stone at one of his pursuers, who narrowly escaped a most fearful blow. But Sib was taken, notwithstanding these demonstrations, and led away to trial before the Intendant, Mr. John I. Shaver. The examination resulted in an order for his committal, unless he gave bail in a bond of $200 for his appearance at the next Court. Failing to give bail, the officer was taking him to jail, when a mob interfered and took him from the officer and led him away to hang him, as they said.

"We understand that, after arriving at the place where it was proposed to hang him, Sib was asked which he would prefer, 500 lashes or hanging; and that he replied he would rather be killed than take 500 lashes. Thereupon, without further ceremony, the rope already around his neck was thrown over the limb of a tree, and the leaders of this lawless company drew him up. How long he hung, we do not know. Some of the leaders soon relented, however, and called out, Cut him down. When lowered he fell on his face, bleeding at the nose and ears, and lay some time in a senseless condition. When sufficiently recovered he was taken to the Gas House, and there remained, we believe, until sent off to Charlotte on the next train.

"Sib has been represented to us, by one who took some pains to ascertain the truth, as bearing a pretty good character in Charlotte, where he is well known; and we have been told that he holds property to the value of $1,500 or $2,000—honestly acquired; a circumstance greatly in his favor; for it is well-known few men of his color and station are likely to experience such prosperity without a pretty good reputation.

"The law-abiding people of our town, without an exception, so far as we know, condemn this lawless and cowardly act. True, the free nigger population in the South are a miserable and worthless class; but, in view of their circumscribed condition, and helplessness, and dependence on the clemency of the whites all through life, magnanimity should prompt us to secure to them, at least, a fair trial at the law for whatever offences they may commit. Besides, mob law is a fearful institution; it is blind, heedless, and indiscriminate: so that those who lead it to-day may be driven by it to-morrow; and hence it is always best, even though the really guilty may sometimes else escape, to repress this dangerous power."

A NORTHERN SEA CAPTAIN AND HIS SON WHIPPED AND IMPRISONED.

The bark Julia E. Aery, from the West Indies, arrived at this port (New York) on Saturday afternoon. The captain and mate of this vessel were recently subjected to those exquisite tortures indulged in by Southerners toward persons who are so unfortunate as to have been born North of Mason and Dixon's line. The story of their sufferings is substantially as follows:

In the fall of last year the bark cleared from Thomaston, Maine, with an assorted cargo for the Encero Mills, Camden County, Georgia. The vessel was in command of Capt. [illegible] W. Ryder, of Maine, aged 54 years, whose son, Joseph B. Ryder, sailed with him as second mate. They arrived at their destination on the 5th of November, and commenced discharging their freight. During the day, a negro belonging to a Dr. Nichols visited the vessel twice, once offering for sale some oars, and on the second occasion taking away with him some clothes to wash. He was on the bark but a few moments in all, and only indulged in such conversation as related to the errands he was upon. In the evening, five white men came on board of the Aery, and alleging that the negro was secreted in the hold, demanded the privilege of searching the vessel. Capt. Ryder permitted them to do so, and they went away, after completing the search, without having found the negro, who was ashore all the time. The men threatened to come back the next day, and make it all right with the captain and his son, at the same time charging them with being Abolitionists. On the following night, sure enough, they did come again, there being fifteen in all, and all of them being more or less intoxicated. They asserted that all hands on board, but especially Capt. Ryder and his son, were "d—d Abolitionists," and said they would either hang them or tar and feather them before leaving the vessel. Fortunately both the captain and mate were on shore at the time, or they would, doubtless, have fallen victims to this ruffianly gang of Southern *gentlemen*—for the most prominent citizens of the place were among them. As it was, their vessel was ransacked from top to bottom for abolition documents, and some of their valuable instruments destroyed. From the vessel the gang proceeded to the Encero Mills, which were owned by a Mr. Bayley. This man hired a number of negroes from a man named Scott, and these slaves had been engaged in unloading the Aery. The Vigilance Committee, as the drunken rabble termed themselves, began to question the negroes as to what conversation they had had with the captain and his son. The negroes denied having talked with them at all, as was the fact, but the Committee asserted that they had been listening to abolition doctrines. As the negroes persisted in their denial, six of them were stripped and whipped most unmercifully in order to make them confess. What they stated after being flayed is not known, but they doubtless told any story that was required to get them free from further whipping.

Next day, when Capt. Ryder heard of the previous night's proceedings, he and his son voluntarily went to the Vigilance Committee to assure them that they had in no way tampered with the slaves, nor was it their intention to do so. The Committee treated their statements with contempt, and, seizing the two men as prisoners, conveyed them to the town of Jefferson, fifteen miles distant. Here they were taken before the Vigilance Committee of that town, and charged with being Abolitionists. They denied the charge, and as no evidence could be produced, they were allowed to go on board for the night, being closely guarded all the time. On the following day they were again taken before the Committee for trial. The cook belonging to another vessel, then lying in that [illegible], testified that he had heard both the prisoners say that they were Republicans, and that if they had an opportunity would vote for Mr. Lincoln. The negro who had visited their vessel, and who had been imprisoned and intimidated in consequence, corroborated this testimony. This evidence was deemed sufficient, and the Committee decided that the prisoners were guilty of the charge made against them. They resolved, however, to deal leniently with the culprits, and decided not to hang them, as they [illegible] they deserved, but simply ordered them to be [illegible] flogged, and afterward to be imprisoned [illegible] length of time as the Committee should deem proper. This old man, upward of 54 years of age, and his son, were taken from the Committee room to the front of the Court-House, where a large number of persons had assembled to witness the scene and then publicly whipped. They were stripped to the waist, and, after having been securely tied to a [illegible], twenty-five lashes were administered to each with [illegible] other things. The young man bore the [illegible] patiently, but suffered terribly to witness the tortures to which his poor old father was subjected. The assembled crowd looked on and [illegible], laughing at and taunting them without [illegible]. After this the two men were conducted to prison and confined in the jail. Mr. Ryder was terribly injured by the punishment he had received, and for several days expectorated blood freely.

After lying in jail for fourteen days, they were finally visited by five men, who informed them that their vessel had been brought to that port, and they must instantly go on board of her and take their departure. This they were glad to do, and, having been conducted to their bark, they joyfully set sail from that inhospitable shore, being convoyed out to sea by the five men who were charged with the duty of seeing them safely off. The Aery proceeded thence to a Spanish port from there to the West Indies, where she was chartered for this port. Both the captain and his son claim that they are Republicans, and that they did say that they should like the privilege of voting for Mr. Lincoln. Beyond this they committed no offence of which they are aware. They held no conversation with any negroes except those working about their vessel, and to these they only spoke in regard to business matters. Captain Ryder visited the same place a few years since, when he was far more intimate with the slaves than on this occasion, their owners feeling grateful for the employment he gave them. He does not contemplate another visit there, at least not till the secession troubles are settled.—*Tribune, 8th.*

HANGING A MICHIGAN MAN.

About a year since, a young man named John Nott, who had for some time previous been in the employ of Mr. Bender in this city, left for the South. A gentleman who knew him well, and worked with and near him in Vicksburg and vicinity, has just returned to this place, bringing the information that the young man was a Republican, and so expressed himself in that locality, for which free expression of opinion he was lynched and hung in January last. He says that a band of Southern cut-throats, who made lynching and mobbing their principal business, took him when partially intoxicated, and, therefore, less cautious in regard to the utterance of his sentiments than on other occasions, and carried him over the river into Louisiana, and there hung him as they would a dog, to a tree, until he was dead.—*Grand Rapids Eagle.*

The Eagle is very uncharitable in the use of expressions, but probably the editor never owned a "nigger," and so don't know any better than to call gentlemen "cut-throats."

WHIPPING A WOMAN TO DEATH.

We learn that Mr. Jacob Patten, who lives in the south-western part of Missouri, whipped one of his slaves, a negro woman, to death, on Saturday, the 7th ult. After the negro was buried, suspicions of foul play caused her to be taken up. A coroner's inquest was held, and it was evident from the condition of the body, that she had met her death as above stated. Patten was arrested, and gave bail in the amount of $2,500 to appear at Circuit Court.

DR. CHEEVER WELCOMED AT KELSO.

[*The Kelso* (Eng.) *Chronicle* of February 22 contains a report of a large meeting held in that place, in the Corn Exchange, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with Dr. Cheever and promoting the objects of his mission. The chair was occupied by Baillie Darling. Rev. Dr. Bonar having offered prayer, addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Craig, the Rev. Mr. Jarvie, and the Rev. Mr. Guy. These addresses bear a most emphatic testimony against American slavery, and evince a hearty appreciation of the labors of Dr. Cheever. Want of space alone prevents their appearance in our columns. We copy the sketch of Dr. Cheever's remarks.]

DR. CHEEVER'S ADDRESS.

DR. CHEEVER then addressed the meeting at considerable length. He said that he would give little more than an outline of what he meant to have said, and then went on to say that notwithstanding the revival, and warning, and martyrdom, and even generations of protesters, nothing had been done by the governing powers in the United States to abolish the evil of slavery, and now they were in consternation at the gulf over which the nation was heaving. Looking back on the history of slavery in America, it was clear as day that it was to the sacrifice of principle in originally tolerating slavery for the sake of union that they were to trace the development of the system (hear, hear). And yet it was by perpetuating the system for ever that union was now sought to be preserved. It was somewhat like as if, on the Pemberton mills tumbling, the architects had gone to work to dig out of the ruins the very pillars whose false construction had caused the fall in order to rebuild the erection with them (hear, hear). The concession of all principle might be made, and the Union might come together again, but it was not merely the rights of the slave that would be sacrificed. But the slave would still remain certainly an object of God's care, and their deliverance was the great duty of the country. But the sacrifice of the slaves and their posterity was the grand element in every compromise and concession for the preservation of the Union. New guaranties were set forth for the supremacy of the Slave Power; but not one proposition was made to procure justice or mercy for the poor slave. In the meantime, there were eminent Northern ministers who proposed that they should implore forgiveness for the earnestness with which they had spoken of slavery, and regard their freedom of speech against it as a sin. But, whatever form of government the country might pass under, the slave remains the same, and God's command is that we speak and plead for him. He would maintain his right of interference in what were called the vested rights of the South, and apply the Word of God against slaveholding as being a continuance of the sin of man-stealing, and showing that the guilt was not reduced by the guilt being passed down to the second generation. If they maintained their right of raising their voice in behalf of the colored race—in behalf of the millions who were enslaved—they maintained their rights to freedom, and demanded the entire abolition of slavery in the name of Christ. It was some consolation to think that one reason given by the South for their secession was just this, forsooth, that a party in the North are proclaiming as sinful the institution of slavery. That was the only salvation of the North from utter disgrace in this conflict. If that reason for secession could not be urged, there would not be one single redeeming feature in the professed Christianity and piety of the North. That proved the success of their endeavors to deal with the slaveholder—the mere personal slaveholder—as a sinner, and the only sinner. If they could not denounce the slaveholder as a sinner, they could have no power to prevail against it. The sword of the Spirit was the secret of their strength. The denial of the right of the slaveholder to communion in the Christian Church gave them their power. Dr. Cheever then adverted to the recent letter of Lord Brougham on the present aspect of slavery in America, in which he spoke of slaves being regarded by law as property, and read an extract from a letter in reply, which reminded his Lordship that in the controversy respecting slavery in our own West Indian Islands, he had denounced the idea as the "wild and guilty phantasy that man could hold property in man." The Rev. Doctor went on to say that that was the platform on which the Christian stood, and regarded slavery as a crime equivalent to the crime of murder. That was God's judgment, which he applied in every case, and he held that the slaveholder could not be received into the fellowship of the Christian Church till he had set free those beings whom he held in slavery. There would have been no public conflict in the United States had it not been for the use of this mighty weapon, which had now wrought so powerfully as to threaten to rend asunder the Union. The speaker then referred to the Fugitive Slave law which was omnipotent while obedience to it was against the law and Constitution of the nation. If the Constitution were enforced it would forbid the execution of the Fugitive Slave law. Any white man could seize a black man, throw him into prison, and bring in a bill against him on account of his color, because the black man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. The slaves, he said, might be divided into four classes. The first class was those originally sold in Africa, in regard to whom it was said—"He that stealeth a man and selleth him shall surely be put to death." The second class were the descendants of these, born in America, the keeping of whom in bondage was just a perpetuation of man-stealing, for the man who takes the slave in Africa does go through the [illegible] of making a payment for him, so that he may say to any questioner, That man is paid for—but when the immortal beings were born on his estate he never paid a farthing for them. That was a double [illegible]—he was a man-stealer in a double sense. The third class was the free colored persons kidnapped in America, and sold into slavery on various pretexts. Even white children were seized and painted in order that they might be sold; and no one could tell how many were carried off in that manner. The fourth were those colored persons who could be taken up because their taxes were not paid; for they are taxed although they have no rights—and after lying in jail for some time, they are taken and sold to pay for their jail fees. Looking at these classes, it was more than probable that they could make out that one million out of the four millions held as slaves by law were held against all law, both of man and of God—held in defiance of the law of the Federal government itself—so that, were it not for the Fugitive Slave bill, every one of these would be set free at once, and those who claimed them would be dealt with as pirates. The United States Constitution set its full powers against their being brought into slavery, but the Fugitive Slave law was a mere instrument of permitted piracy. But he said that some of the States were so imbued with a love of justice and freedom and respect for the law of God that they would not send back slaves, specifying the case of a judge who, when a fugitive was brought before him, asked his claimant for his titles, when the latter produced the bill of sale, whereupon the judge declared that he would be satisfied with nothing less than a bill of sale from his Creator ("hear, hear," and applause)—and, until you bring that, away with you, and never show yourself in this State (renewed applause). They must remember that Massachusetts and Maine had no participation in slavery. The former had declared against slavery before they [illegible] in this country the duty of setting free the slave. The same spirit prevailed among the masses now, and, although the demand was now for compromise, they would not yield to it—it would be resisted by the country. He then said that he learned that 63,000 names had been appended in the city of New York to a petition to Congress to pass the compromise into law that shall guarantee the rights of the South over their slaves. But the fire that had been kindled would not be put out, but would burn on till the sin of slavery was destroyed. A great responsibility rested on this country in the present crisis, and their power was in the right use of the Word of God. The application of God's Word against this citadel constituted the strength of their position, and they had only to keep up that cannonading and they would beat this system as easily as the Armstrong gun would throw down a mud wall ("hear, hear," and applause). He then went on to characterize the Fugitive Slave law as just a vast system of kidnapping, and stated that the slave party had seen the tide rising, and they had prepared an ark for the saving of themselves and the children of Ham. It remained to be seen what the government of this country would do when they presented themselves to be recognized as a country. They count upon getting British support because cotton was our king, and they would endeavor to make it their talisman. If this country would take advantage of it they had now an opportunity of abolishing slavery, by providing their own supply and refusing theirs. Dr. Cheever concluded by reading Isaiah viii. 9-13, and resumed his seat amid loud applause.

[The Rev. Mr. Renton followed Dr. Cheever, in support of the following resolution, which was adopted by the meeting: "That the present crisis in the United States calls for the earnest solicitude and prayers of British Christians, that the free States may not surrender the vantage ground they now occupy, nor betray the great duty which now devolves upon them, of advancing the interests of human freedom, by any compromise to retain or recover union with the slaveholding States by the sanction of slavery." Mr. Renton said:]

It was the system of compromises which had demoralized the American nation, which had taught them in all things to consult mainly the feelings and the fears of selfishness and apparent present interest, and which had paved the way for those positions and sentiments, of which that evening Dr. Cheever had given them specimens, the most astonishing and atrocious ever propounded from the senate or the bench, from the halls of science, the bar, or the pulpit. Nothing had ever so appalled him as the sentiments and language uttered on the subject of slavery by some American divines, whom he had been accustomed to revere as the most sound and enlightened theologians, and most excellent men of the present day, and who preferred a Union of the States, with all the evils of slavery, to a separation without them. After quoting one or two instances, he observed that the Word of God and the whole history of the past showed that, while the retribution of individuals was reserved for a future state, the retribution of nations for their iniquities took place in the present world. For the Protestant and evangelical Churches and ministers of America—in the face of all such instruction, of all warnings, of all remonstrances, and of all the light with which they were surrounded, and all the professions they made—to stand forth as the apologists and abettors of slavery, was so dreadful, that it seemed as if they were given up to strong delusion. If they persisted, a visitation, more terrific than any consequences which could result from a peaceful separation of the Southern States, must ensue. A poet of their own had said,

> "There is a poor blind Samson in the land,
> Shorn of his strength, and bound in bands of steel,
> Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
> And shake the pillars of the Commonwealth,
> Till the vast temple of our liberties
> A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish leaves."

(Loud applause). With such possibilities and prospects in view, it became British Christians to do all that lay in their power to avert the catastrophe. He wished they could all have heard what Dr. Cheever had yesterday morning said about the obligation which lay upon every individual, every minister, every congregation, every Church, every community every town, to be a light and beacon to others. Out of the United States there was no influence so powerful with the Americans as the public opinion of this country. They had no title and no wish to employ any other than moral influence. But they could do much in this way as private citizens and Christians. They could scout the monstrous phantasy that the Word of God sanctioned slavery. They could testify their cordial sympathy with the sentiments and the noble stand of their friend on the platform. They could aid the abolition cause by their contributions.

EXTEMPORE LINES

On hearing Dr. Cheever's Address in the Corn Exchange, Kelso, February 22, 1861.

God speed thee, [illegible] champion
Of freedom's [illegible],
To bear the [illegible] banner
Of the Gospel [illegible];
Unflinching stand, though bloody foes
With demon rage assail:
Thy weapon is the Word of Power
Thou must and shalt prevail.

God speed thee in the conflict
With tyranny and wrong,
Till every [illegible] groaning slave
Shall sing the freeman's song,
And freedom's joyful voice be borne
On every whispering gale:
Thy weapon is the Word of Truth,
Thou must and shalt prevail.

God speed thee, till the chains are torn
From every weeping slave
Whose hopes of joy and happiness
Are all beyond the grave,
Till mankind's leagued oppressors
Before the truth shall quail:
Thy weapon is the Word of Love,
Thou must and shalt prevail.

God speed thee to the rescue
Of brothers bought and sold—
Of brothers robbed and murdered
For the cursed love of gold,
By fiends who boast of liberty
Yet mock at slavery's wail:
Thy weapon is the Word of God,
Thou must and shalt prevail.

Ednam. J. G. S.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

CERTAIN zealous and well-meaning gentlemen have been pushing into notice and activity the association which goes by this name, until it has attained no inconsiderable importance in the public eye. If we mistake not their aim is to organize and array the Churches of the country and the ministers of religion against slavery. Without any reference to politics, or parties, or denominations, they wish to unite all Christians, on the basis of the Holy Scriptures as divinely inspired against slavery, and to concentrate the energies of the Christian Ministry and of Christian Churches upon the extinction of that great sin.

That this, however laudable in itself, is a hopeless undertaking. For, in our view, ministers, Churches, and that which goes by the name of the Church, are of all bodies the most immovable. And the reigning religion of the land so far as it is to be judged by the dominant sects and organizations, is so in league with slavery, that to break that league, until slavery itself be broken, is flatly impossible.

If the Society had been called the People's Anti-Slavery Society, instead of the Church Anti-Slavery Society its chances of speedy success would have been far better than they now are; that is, an appeal to the people against slavery is much more hopeful than an appeal to the Churches or to the Ministry. While the latter are too much in fear of one another to allow nature to work like itself, or to burst forth spontaneously in a round amen to appeals against every oppression, the heart of the people on the other hand, responds at once to the great first principles which this Society has put at the head of its Declaration, namely, The Rights of Man as man sacred and inalienable without distinction of blood or races; Property in man impossible, as being without grant from the Creator and equally contrary to natural justice and to revealed religion.

Doctors of Divinity, in our day, and the common run of ministers, are too tightly fettered with the self-imposed manacles and thumbscrews of theological technics (or metaphysics) about *malum in se* and such like, to let them accept and act upon such an honest, outspoken, Anglo-Saxon platform, as that which is made by the ten Articles put forth at Worcester in the Declaration of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. The distinctions which they are so fond of making, in the interest of slavery, between organic sin and individual sin; between sin in the abstract and sin in the concrete; between sin in the *system* of slavery, which they admit to be "infernal," and sin in the act or practice of slaveholding which may in their view be entirely innocent; between "objective wrong, which is always and unchangeably wrong, and a subjective wrong which is to be measured entirely by the circumstances of the individual committing it"—those distinctions, together with the fact that while the ground of the *inherent rightfulness of slavery* is taken without any qualms, in the view of these critical gentlemen, "the question about inherent sinfulness is one of the most vexed questions of moral philosophy"—all these things together will not let the professional rabbis of the day, "studied in ethical distinctions," adopt such a creed of liberty as lies at the bottom of the Church Anti-Slavery Society.

Little can be done, therefore, with the Scribes and Pharisees of the Christian synagogues, to change them. The appeal against slavery, in order to be successful, must be to the heart of the people, not to the Churches, nor to the ministers that command the ear and stand at the gate of the Churches. You will never get the Church and the Ministry fair and square against slavery till you have gotten the people there.

Thanks to the barbarous excesses of slavery, the audacious and treasonable moves of secession, and the outrageous treatment of Northerners by the Slave Power (unless they happen to carry in their pockets a Mayor's passport, as belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association), the masses of the North are fast becoming impregnated with an undying hatred of slavery that shall yet upheave the twin relic of barbarism from its deep foundations in avarice and lust.

Meanwhile, let us not be understood as slurring the honest and earnest attempt, in some quarters of the Church, to put slavery under the ban of excommunication. If anything ought to be taboo in the Christian Church, it should be slaveholding. If anything can justify what is technically called withholding Christian fellowship in the Church—to argue which we understand to be a specialty of the Church Anti-Slavery Society—it is what Macaulay in his early days called *the unpunished wickedness of slavery*—a wickedness, he said (and the same might be said of the wickedness of secession now), "when punished, disgraceful *only* to the offender, but unpunished, disgraceful to the *whole society*."

The direst scandal upon Protestant Christianity at the present time, and the deepest disgrace upon American Churches, midway in the arch of the nineteenth century, is the toleration and defence of American slavery. As if it were not enough to tolerate in the Church what Mr. Lovejoy not long since, on the floor of the House of Representatives, called "the amalgam of all crimes," it is now piously urged in orthodox quarters, that "negro slavery was instituted by divine authority at the creation of man; that negroes are not the children of Adam, their status by creation being that of an inferior race, which God has made subject to the Adamic race, and so to continue throughout all their generations; and that God subsequently cursed all the fruits of the mixture of the seed of the two races to the same subjection as the sable race."

So that godly Deacon Netherlands & Co. may continue their pious pommelling with paddles and handsaws, upon the semi-sable sides of negroes and descendants of negroes, with the pleasing consciousness that they are but factors of Divine Providence toward that part of his creation whose natural status in the new theologico-ethnological parlance, is "that of an inferior *species* of the same *genus* with Adam, but made subject to the Adamic race, in their creation, by the positive command of God, and so to continue throughout all their generations."

Beyond controversy, the defence of slavery in the Church and in some of its orthodox organs in this country has reached an unrivalled height of impudence and hypocrisy. It is fast getting even beyond that pass which West Indian slavery had attained at the time that Macaulay first attacked it, thirty-six years ago, when he said, "It is neither in facts nor on arguments that slavery seems now to depend for protection. It neither doubles nor stands at bay. It has neither the ingenuity of the hare nor the intrepidity of the lion. It defends itself, like a hunted pole-cat by the loathsomeness with which it taints the atmosphere around it, and looks to escape by disgusting those whom it can neither weary nor subdue."

Who can wonder that in the mere rebound from and protest against such monstrous conclusions and defences of American slavery as have recently been spawned in the extreme South and the extreme North, a Society should have at length arisen in the very bosom of the Church, to compete, if possible, with so formidable a foe to Christianity itself! Perhaps there lies hidden in it the germ of that eclectic Church of freedom and humanity which is yet to be THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

Any way, it may be hoped that it will take from the edge of that satire of the illustrious Humboldt, spoken in view of the relations of Christians in the United States to slavery: "In our days it is philosophers and not devotees who raise the question, Is it right to hold slaves? But the broader ranges which philosophy has always had makes me believe it would have been better for suffering humanity if this sort of scepticism had been preserved among the believers."

We see that some of the religious papers complain that "the people are becoming more Tribunized than evangelized." If the proof of it lies in the growing abhorrence of slavery, and of secession for the sake of slavery in the minds of our million readers, and in the broader humanity that prevails among those who draw their inspiration from the columns of *The Tribune,* we take the complaint for a compliment, and fervently pray that the Tribunizing process may go on.—*Tribune.*

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PARKER PILLSBURY IN ROCHESTER.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

PARKER PILLSBURY gave us a lecture, a few evenings ago, in Zion's Methodist Episcopal church, on the present aspect of the anti-slavery struggle. The church is a small one, owned by the colored people, and is now, in these cowardly and compromising times, the only public building in Rochester where an abolition lecture can be delivered. The house, which will seat about a hundred and fifty, was well filled by an intelligent audience, composed of white and colored people. Mr. Pillsbury has somewhere modestly rated himself as a "field hand" in the anti-slavery work. On this occasion he proved himself a master workman, and his words of solemn truth and soberness made a very deep impression upon his audience. He spoke as one of the old prophets, calm and tranquil himself, yet dealing out thoughts of fire and words of flame with every breath. The facts and tendencies of these disjointed times were grouped together and reviewed, from the position of the slave, covered with stripes and loaded with chains, a living sacrifice on the bloody altar of Mammon. He weighed and measured the worth of our Christianity, as a slave on the auction-block, being sold to the highest Christian bidder, might weigh and measure it, and held it up, as it ought to be held up, to unutterable loathing, as a vile and filthy thing, covered with the blood of four million slaves. We give only our impression of the lecture. To us it was a word fitly spoken, and, while differing from Mr. Pillsbury in regard to the character of the American Constitution, and the probable effect of a dissolution of the Union, we do most earnestly commend his efforts to drag out from under the ruins of the Republican party the few Abolitionists who yet remain alive, as well as to convert others to uncompromising Abolitionism.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), in the city of New York, on TUESDAY May 7, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m. In the evening, another public meeting will be held in the Cooper Institute, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock. Admittance to the evening meeting 10 cents, to defray expenses. The names of speakers for these meetings will be seasonably announced.

The Society will meet, for business purposes only, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, at 4½ p.m. on Tuesday, and at 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

The object of this Society is still—as at its formation—the immediate and total abolition of slavery wherever existing on the American soil, because of its inherent sinfulness, immorality, oppression, and barbarity, and its utter repugnance to all the precepts of the Gospel, and all the principles of genuine Democracy: its measures are still the same—peaceful, moral, rational, legal, constitutional: its instrumentalities are the same—the pen, the press, the lecturing field, tracts and other publications, etc., etc., disseminating light and knowledge in regard to the tyrannical power claimed, possessed and exercised by slaveholders, the actual condition of their miserable victims, and the guilty complicity of the people of the North, religiously, politically, governmentally, with those who "trade in slaves and the souls of men"; its spirit is still the same—longsuffering, patient, hopeful, impartial, benevolent alike to the oppressor and the oppressed, zealously intent on "promoting the general welfare and securing the blessings of liberty" universally, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," but embracing the whole country in its charitable and humane concern, and conflicting with nothing just, honest, noble and Christian in sentiment, practice or tendency.

Whether the American Union, therefore, be dissolved or not, so long as a single slave is left in his fetters, this Society will still have its work unfinished, and will still deserve the countenance and aid of all believers in the inalienable rights of man—of all who "despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, and who reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." Four millions yet remain to be delivered from the galling yoke of a worse than brutal servitude. Christians and patriots! can we do a nobler work, one more acceptable to God or more serviceable to our country and the world, than to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," and to labor "in season and out of season" for their emancipation?

Let unusual efforts be made by the members and friends of the Society to be present at the approaching anniversary, that there may be no lack of wise counsel and efficient coöperation with reference to the consummation of its great purpose.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.
CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, }

The New York (City) Anti-Slavery Society will hold its anniversary in the Cooper Institute on WEDNESDAY evening, May 8th. Addresses by WENDELL PHILLIPS and THEODORE TILTON. Admittance 10 cents, to defray expenses.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THIS is a new word in our political vocabulary. But it is a word of power which may be mighty for enduring mischiefs. It represents the latest device for the restoration of the Slave Power to that autocracy from which it seemed to itself to be thrust down by the uprising of the entire North against it last November. And if it do the work which it is designed to accomplish, the last Sixth of November will be indeed a black day in the Kalendar of Freedom. For it is meant to settle the foundations of the Slave Power so that its authority over the whole nation shall never more be shaken or gainsaid. Black as were the days of the old compromises, they will have been full of sunshine and hope compared with the blackness of darkness of the days of Settlement which Reconstruction is to usher in. The audacity of the North, in presuming to elect such a President as it best pleased her, having driven our legitimate lords and masters to the extremity of Abdication, it is needful that some bridge be built over which they may be wooed back again to their old seat across our necks. And this invention has been sought out as the most likely to hoodwink the stupid North and induce her to be led blindly back to a humiliation many degrees lower than that she has been used to occupy in the good old days of the Union.

Virginia is good enough to take the lead in this most desirable negotiation—not in the humble office of a mediatrix between the abdicating sovereigns and the stiff-necked generation that have occasioned this painful interregnum by their misconduct, as above, but by a much more effectual interposition and one more worthy of the haughty Mother of Presidents and breeder of slaves. Her plan is to dictate the terms on which she and the other slaveholding States which have not yet seceded will condescend to remain in the Union with us. Having made up her mind as to the terms on which we may be permitted to capitulate, she will invite her sister slave States which have not yet joined the Secession to meet her in Conference to put the same into proper shape, with such amendments and improvements as the wisdom of a greater multitude of councillors may suggest. These terms, in the form of an *ultimatum*, are to be offered to the Northern States for their acceptance. If they refuse them then the Mother of States, with such of her brood as will consent to be gathered under her wings, will set up for themselves and invite all States that like the conditions to come into the plan. Should this scheme be carried out and the North submit to the terms dictated by the border States, it is highly probable that the Seceding States will seize upon the pretext to get back out of the cold into the warm precincts of the Federal treasury, fed by the perennial industry of the North. President Davis has no intention of remaining pent up in his little Utica at Montgomery, when he can have the whole boundless continent to call his own and the halls of Washington to revel in. And this is undoubtedly the ulterior purpose of the Virginia mediation.

By way of preparing for this new dispensation, the North is to be made accustomed to the idea of a National Convention for the purpose of making the country over again. We are to be invited to imitate the example of the pious daughter of Æson of old, who cut her father in pieces and boiled him in her magic cauldron for the purpose of seeing him come out of it restored to all the beauty and strength of youth. The experiment succeeded in his case, we are told, but we apprehend it would fail signally in ours, should we hew our old mother into bits and subject her to the ebullient process of a National Convention in the hope of beholding her issue forth from it strong and beautiful. We are far from considering her as a model of strength or beauty now; but we are very sure that she would be found worse in her new estate than [illegible] easy to see how she could be made [illegible] process. Of course the constitutional [illegible] offered to our acceptance must be more strongly pro-slavery than anything we have had [illegible] far. If not, there can be no shadow of an occasion raised for any change in the existing relations of the border States and the North. We have all along guaranteed the slave States the peaceable possession of their slaves by the clause pledging them protection from servile insurrection. We have agreed to restore to them the slaves that escape from them to us, and have done it in numberless instances. We allow them some twenty or twenty-five members of Congress elected by the masters in virtue of their ownership of slaves. We have submitted to the control this circumstance, among many others, secured to them over the policy of the country, which they have always shaped to suit their own purposes. It seems as if they were hard to please, if they are not content with all this.

For, it must be remembered, that the election of Mr. Lincoln effected no change in all these fundamental and substantial privileges of their condition. It was a mere change in the office-dispensing power, with a pretence at a purpose of not allowing slavery to be forced upon unwilling Territories. This pretence one of their chief leaders, Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, was willing to waive on their behalf by consenting to admit New Mexico at once, upon Mr. Webster's Seventh of March principle of "Asiatic scenery and physical geography." Mr. Seward and all Republican orators had condemned John Brown and all his tribe as emphatically as Mason or Hunter could do. Nobody ever suggested withholding National protection in case of a servile revolution, or the change of the three-fifths representation clause. And Mr. Lincoln made the fidelity of himself and his party to the slave-catching law the very Firstly of his Inaugural Discourse. It is clear that something much more material than any or all of these guaranties is to be demanded as the price of the forgiveness of the slaveholders and the lifting up of the light of their countenances upon us again. What more can be granted and we have anything left? Security against their slaves at home, and their safe return in case of evasion, and a representation of them in Congress giving them the control, even up to this hour, of the legislation of the country—all this we have consented that they should have, and the Republican party, at least, whose success is the pretext of secession, has never breathed a word of disloyalty as to any of these royalties, but, contrariwise, has ever been prompt in its ready professions of fidelity in regard to them.

What, then, can be the reasonable guaranties which Virginia and her border States are to require as the conditions of their remaining in partnership with us? There can be but one answer to this question, as it seems to us. It must be the virtual repeal of the guaranty of the Constitution that secures the Freedom of Speech and of the Press to all the citizens of the United States. Some farther facilities for catching slaves may be asked and granted, but not more than the next Congress would be swift to give could peace be purchased at so cheap a price. It is the Anti-Slavery Agitation that is to be put down at the North, by constitutional guaranties and laws made to carry them out, according to the Common-law ruling of Judge Peter O. Thacher, of Boston, and the Executive suggestion of Governor Everett, in 1835. This must needs be the price of the great reconciliation. The more intelligent even of the extreme Secessionists, such as Mr. Rhett and Mr. Hilliard, have declared that they have no apprehension of unconstitutional action on the part of Mr. Lincoln or his party. It was not this fear that made Secession a necessity, but the state of Northern opinion on the subject of slavery, which Mr. Lincoln's election proved to exist. If Northern tongues and pens and presses can be silenced on this theme, there may be a chance of a revival of Monroe's Era of Good Feeling—of the Golden Age when Federalist lay down with Democrat and the least of the slave-drivers could lead them. Something more than the mere voluntary guaranty of mobs, like the Boston organization of Senator Slade, which agrees that not even Charles Sumner or Henry Wilson shall ever more be allowed to speak in Faneuil Hall, something more permanent than this must be had. Mobs are ephemeral in their nature, and are not to be relied on for continued action. The eternal, unsleeping sanction of Law must be given to the suppression of blasphemy and sedition against the idol and the sovereign of the people. The pulpit must be gagged, the public meeting silenced, the press subjected to a virtual censorship, or slavery is not safe. Garrison and Phillips, Cheever and Furness, *The Independent* and *The Tribune*, as well as *The Liberator* and THE STANDARD, must be dumb on slavery and all that pertains to it, or our Southern masters will discard us and leave us to take care of ourselves. And from this source what a progeny of evils must flow, it is not hard to predict. What else can satisfy the border States and woo back the Secession? Let every one remember that Reconstruction means this or worse, and whenever they are asked to do anything in that direction, let them consider whether the remedy be not worse than the disease?

DEATH OF JUDGE MCLEAN.—The Hon. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at Cincinnati on the 4th inst., at the age of 76 years. He was appointed to the bench by Gen. Jackson in 1830. He dissented very earnestly from the judgment of the Court in the Dred Scott case, but with that exception his rulings on every issue relating to slavery were agreeable to the slaveholders. He sustained the Fugitive Slave law, with all its inhumanity, and many poor creatures who, after escaping from bondage, were re-enslaved by him under that law, are now wearing out a miserable existence on Southern plantations. Wilberforce, it was beautifully said, went to heaven bearing in his hands the broken fetters of 800,000 slaves; Judge McLean went up to the bar of the Judge of all the earth to find it recorded there that the fetters of scores of bondmen had been riveted by his hand, and to hear the voice of that Judge pronounce the solemn words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." And yet we read in the religious papers that he was a very devout member of the Church and "a model Christian"! Imagine Christ or one of his Apostles aiding in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law, and you may be able to gain a proper conception of the impiety, we had almost said blasphemy of calling Judge McLean "a model Christian." Is it said that his oath to the Constitution required him to execute that law? Then why did he not resign his seat on the bench rather than make himself a partaker in such villany? Is it too much to ask "a model Christian," in the middle of the nineteenth century, to forego the honors and emoluments of office rather than consent to the crime of reducing his fellow-creatures to slavery?

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will make an appeal to the public in this city during anniversary week. On Sunday evening, May 5th, a sermon will be delivered before the Society at the Church of the Puritans, by Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, D.D., President of Wheaton College, Illinois. Addresses at the Anniversary on Monday evening, May 6th, at the same place, are expected from Rev. Messrs. J. A. Thome, Cleveland, Charles B. Boynton, Cincinnati, and C. H. A. Bulkely, Paterson, N. J.

THE REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D., ex-President of Amherst College, died in Pittsfield, Mass., last week, aged 82 years. He was, at one time, active in the Temperance cause, but the slave has no reason to lament his departure or bless his memory. Possessed of some fine natural traits, his piety was of the type of *The New York Observer*, making him an apologist for slavery, if not an out-and-out defender of the system.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The bill to abolish capital punishment after passing the Senate of Massachusetts by the casting vote of the President, was defeated in the House, 58 yeas to 79 nays. The Legislature of New York has not yet reached a decision upon the question.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[illegible]

[illegible] whenever [illegible] the weight of inspiration [illegible] and hesitating utterance, he need only go round [illegible] to find a boarding-house full of Aarons ready to come to his assistance for a trifling consideration. Boston, numerically speaking, is not a city of the first class; yet there exists a volume whose title signifies that the claims of a hundred of her orators are therein presented for allowance. We never went beyond the outside of this work. A sense of justice would not permit us to cut up our admiration into dividends for the one hundred, while we knew there must be at least five hundred equally deserving gentlemen of that city, whom publishers' caprice, want of room, or lack of expenditure in civility or cash, excluded from the honors of this Pantheon. Until recently, the general quality of this deluge of talk has been very washy, and not very moral. As the frogs and lice of Egypt did but harden the heart of Pharaoh, so the plague of Lyceum lecturers and stump speakers only petrified that organ in his American representative. The few last years, however, have witnessed a decided improvement: the Lyceum course and the political meeting have become powerful instruments for the instruction of the people. And we claim that this marked change is greatly owing to years of noble effort and sacrifice by Wendell Phillips. It required all the powers of this master of eloquence, assisted by a hardly less singular perseverance, to obtain a hearing for truths of vital importance to the American people. Working through obloquy and reproach, he has made a large mixture of unpopular truth in a popular performance not only honorable but profitable. Here was a man securing for himself [illegible] preparing the way for scores of weaker brethren to receive that substantial appreciation which is a great assistance to a struggling conscience. The [illegible] and Curtises of to-day [illegible] they [illegible] that these [illegible] which [illegible] forerunner [illegible] in the wilderness. [illegible] not the motives of these gentlemen [illegible] We doubt not they are honest men, with [illegible] honest convictions. We have [illegible] instead of commanding [illegible] pecuniary [illegible] cultivated society, the anti-slavery [illegible] in their speeches only offered comparative poverty and social ostracism, they would shrink from their acceptance. But we affirm that they should feel [illegible] gratitude to him who has made it possible to utter their [illegible] with gain instead of sacrifice. Whatever confidence they may have in their ability to resist Satan, they should recognize their deep obligation to WENDELL PHILLIPS for delivering them from his most fearful temptation. They should ever delight to tell how the master orator of them all, with a higher chivalry than that of Raleigh, flung his costly mantle to the earth that the Anti-Slavery cause might pass royally over it.

It required a full and conscientious use of the peculiar gifts of Mr. Phillips to popularize, so far as has yet been done, the anti-slavery idea at the North. So strange, and withal so opposed to the ordinary American mind, were the truths he was commissioned to teach, that if in any way they had appeared connected with his own advancement, or if his advocacy had been degraded to the common rant and fustian of the platform, they might have been hustled out of sight and sound. But a new sensation struck the amazed listeners, as a man stood before them who looked upon the mad convulsions of their politics from a superior sphere—a man who believed in a political philosophy that was at the same time a moral philosophy. In obscure places upon maps local or national, men flocked to hear specimens of as noble eloquence, as delicate sarcasm, as exquisite illustration as any preserved in their United States Speakers and First Class Books; and these applied in earnest criticism to the life of the day. It required all the vigorous reasoning of Mr. Phillips, all his impetuous stream of Christian common sense, to contend successfully with the reproach and opposition which jealous politicians were ever throwing in his way. Even at the present time, when the signs of final victory seem not uncertain, the repressing power of this class gives some indication of what it was at the first wakening of the land.

The great force of Mr. Phillips's oratory is at present undisputed. *Blasé* seekers of excitement crowd the hall where he is announced; men of cold hearts and refined tastes, bound to interests which lead them to oppose all he utters, secure uneasy seats by going an hour in advance. Bitterly rejecting in public the cause with which he is identified, they can follow with exalted gratification his graceful exhibition of image and ornament, and appreciate the exquisite tact which keeps the words ever weaker than the sense they cover. They will point out, perhaps, the wonderful self-command with which, when rising to a warmth of language which seems surely tending to extravagance, the orator will pause, and, step by step, retrace his course, until he stands securely upon the baldest truism. They will show you with what ease this earnest man, with every grace of style and diction, avoids the slightest suggestion of the epithet "flowery," which has so fatally characterized the recent efforts of Mr. Everett. These polite auditors will likewise confess that, while most American speakers bring in their bookish quotations as if they did not know what they were good for, this first pleader among them, living fervently in streets as well as libraries, has learned from the crude ore of learning to fashion the Damascus blade of knowledge.

There is, however, one drawback which mars the satisfaction with which dilettanti admirers of eloquence listen to Mr. Phillips. They will tell you that he is much too personal! How charming it would be if he could be prevailed upon to leave out his pointed applications! It is really a trial to the nerves when some "good fellow," whose rakish stories are the delight of the club, is shown to be publicly aiding and abetting the enforced harlotry of a people. That "most fastidious female," whom the caricaturing of a despised race by vulgar men with sooted faces is "warranted not to offend" is becomingly shocked, if in defending those dumb four millions, their advocate points out the inconsistencies, the open vileness, or sleek hypocrisies of those who would rob them of their rights. But Mr. Phillips only fulfils the duty of examining the life and conduct of the defendants in this great suit for freedom, which every lawyer fulfils without scruple when fifty dollars are at stake. Look back into the past, and we find this power of direct criticism has been eminently characteristic of all who are remembered with praise. The most useful men have ever left abstract principles, good or bad, and shown them embodied in life. Nathan was doubtless somewhat personal at the conclusion of the story he told King David. Demosthenes was personal enough not only in his proverbial philippics, but also towards his countryman Æschines. Cicero laid himself open to this objection in his remarks upon those whom he considered enemies to the State and humanity. Burke did not use the rose-water phraseology of Complete Letter Writers in urging the impeachment of the favorite of King and Bishop. If we turn to literature, it is difficult to see what great authors can be admitted to the shelves of those who object seriously to personalities. Not Dante, who throws the lurid glare of the "Inferno" upon petty men who offended him; not Shakspeare, who satirizes in Justice Shallow an obscure Knight near Stratford; not Tennyson, who addresses a popular novelist as "you bandbox"! and refers to him as "the padded man who wears the stays." Such personalities avenging private hostilities, are considered hardly noticeable in men of genius; yet such as these Mr. Phillips has never used. If he quotes the general gossip of the street, it is because it is directly pertinent to the cause of his clients, to show by what manner of men their rights are assailed. A man's previous character for evil or good is excellent testimony in any court of justice. We repeat, Mr. Phillips does nothing more than every lawyer is bound to do who defends the life or liberty of a single man. If his words come freighted with a withering spell, it is the enormity of the sin which makes possible the terrible rebuke.

It has been said that exquisite power must ever have its root in exquisite sensibility. And upon this axiom a specious criticism of Mr. Phillips might apparently rest. It may be said that he is not always politic in making small allowance for the less disciplined understanding and duller vision of his audience. We have a strong feeling, however, that in this respect he follows a true tact and instinct, even on those occasions when he seems to give his hearers too large credit for an insight into men and measures without which it would be difficult to accept his language in its true significance. It may be admitted that to a significant observer, who confounds the position of Mr. Phillips with that of the paid advocate of a temporary question, he may seem to use an impolitic severity. If he were arguing for an immediate and decisive verdict, to be taken before the [illegible] as [illegible] we should [illegible] But the case is [illegible] different. The purpose is to stimulate the minds of his hearers to independent thought, by giving in the best form to be remembered the condensed results of his own research. He is willing to state truth so boldly, that to undisciplined intellects it may wear the appearance of a fallacy, in order that, being provoked to test and explode it, they may discover of themselves how impregnable is its foundation. While no unprejudiced person, who has examined the position we represent, can accuse this eloquent man of being unjustifiable in denunciation, we also think that those who will strive to understand the real exigencies of that position will admire the shrewdness of his policy.

On the whole, we are satisfied that the real influence of Mr. Phillips has been fully commensurate with his wonderful ability, and its conscientious employment. To him America is eminently indebted for whatever is hopeful in her condition to-day. Amid our national hustle of sect and clique, it is encouraging to point to one conspicuous man upon whom the sarcasm of the poet may fall harmlessly: WENDELL PHILLIPS has never given up to party what was meant for mankind.

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REPUBLICAN SLAVE-HUNTING AT CHICAGO.

THE Republican United States Marshal for the Northern District of Illinois signalized the commencement of his official career on Wednesday, April 3d, by the arrest of a whole family of persons claimed as fugitive slaves—a man and his wife and three children! Here is an account of the diabolical transaction, from the Chicago Post of April 4th:

"The negroes escaped some time ago from their owners, Mr. Patterson and Mr. Vale, of St. Louis County, Missouri. Of course it was expected they would make their way to Chicago, and hither the owners came in pursuit of them. They succeeded about a week ago in discovering their retreat.

"A locomotive with an emigrant car was to be in readiness to leave the St. Louis railway station punctually at 6.30 a.m.—and that was all.

"Shortly before six o'clock yesterday morning, Mr. Webb, accompanied by two or three friends, proceeded to the house on Clark street, three doors from Jackson, where the negroes were domiciled, in the third story. The man, called Harris or Johnson, was found in his room just getting up. As soon as he beheld his visitors he divined the object of their visit, and commenced resistance. For several minutes he fought like a tiger, his wife joining him in the combat, while their little ones ran screaming and crying about the room. In the fight the Deputy Marshal received a pretty severe wound on the hand, but not sufficient to disable him. The negro and his wife were quickly subdued, and the former was placed in irons. They were then taken down stairs, put in a hackney coach, and driven to the car that was waiting to receive them. The car left the dépot at half-past six, and in forty minutes had passed the city of Joliet. The negroes were taken to Springfield, where an examination was had in accordance with law, yesterday, and the slaves were ordered into the custody of their owner.

"The news of the arrest quickly spread among the negroes in this city, and in less than twenty minutes after the Marshal left the house it was surrounded by a large and excited crowd of Africans, swearing the direst description of vengeance upon the officers and all concerned.

The negroes rushed pell mell towards Bridgeport, hoping to intercept the train upon which they supposed the fugitives would be taken away. At the bridge crossing they made a stand, and again collected to the number of several hundred. The negroes declared they would stop it, and for this purpose spread themselves out across the track, believing, probably, that by their combined efforts they would butt the locomotive off the track! But when the train approached, the engineer, seeing a great crowd of negroes on the track, simply opened the cylinder cocks of his engine, and gave them a double broadside of steam and hot water, which speedily cleared the way. As the train was passing, one of the negroes fired his revolver at the engineer, but did not hit him.

"Seven of the ringleaders in the riot—six males and one female—were arrested. They were brought before Squire Akin, who discharged the female and admitted the others to special bail, to appear on Friday next. They gave the following names: Franklin Johnson, John Barriday, Abraham Thompson, Charles Johnson, William Lee. Allen Pinkerton became surety for their appearance."

When Wendell Phillips, appealing to the record of Abraham Lincoln's life, gibbeted him as "the slave-hound of Illinois," the Republicans vociferously and indignantly accused him of grossly misrepresenting their standard-bearer. "Abraham Lincoln a slave-hound!" they exclaimed; "the charge is cruelly false. An earnest outspoken anti-slavery man, who would no more chase a fugitive slave than Mr. Phillips himself." Time, however, has set the seal of truth upon Mr. Phillips's denunciation. When Mr. Lincoln, on the 4th of March, stood up to proclaim the principles that should guide his Administration of the government, almost the first words that fell from his lips were a specific pledge, such as no Democratic President had ever made, that he would enforce the slave-catching statute! This villanous transaction at Chicago shows how that pledge is to be fulfilled. When the Democratic party was in power, the Republican papers, almost without exception, denounced the business of slave-catching and all who engaged in it in the severest terms known to the English tongue; and there is no doubt that thousands, if not tens of thousands, of voters were won to the Republican party in the expectation that when the government should come under its control, the poor fugitives from Southern bondage would no longer be in danger of being kidnapped and sent back to chains and torture. How bitter must be the disappointment and shame of such when they find the creatures of the new Administration as ready as were the tools of Fillmore, Pierce or Buchanan, to run down a fugitive slave and return him to the hell from which he had escaped!

The fruits of Republican "alacrity" in slave-hunting, as manifested in Chicago, are seen in the following telegraphic dispatches:

CHICAGO, April 8.

One hundred and six fugitive slaves left this city last night for Canada, via the Michigan Southern railroad. It is estimated that over one thousand fugitives have arrived in this city since last fall, most of whom have left since the recent arrest of five by the United States Marshal.

DETROIT, April 8.

About 300 fugitive slaves, principally from Illinois, have passed into Canada at this point since Saturday, and large numbers more are reported on the way. Many are entirely destitute, and much suffering is anticipated, nothwithstanding the efforts made for their relief.

It thus appears that fugitive slaves, who dwelt in Illinois, in comparative safety under the Buchanan Administration, are flying in terror from the keener-scented hounds of Abraham Lincoln's Republican pack.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The annual exhibition of this institution, which commenced some time since, will not close till the end of May. Our country friends, who may come to the city before that time, will find it pleasant and profitable to visit the galleries where the works of some of the best of our native artists invite their attention. We cannot undertake to criticize the pictures, or even to indicate those we like best: but we venture to commend to visitors, and especially to New Englanders, Mr. E. W. Nichols's admirable landscape, representing a scene in the White Mountains—a sublime gorge seen from the precipitous side of Mt. Carter, with all the rough wild, and rugged features with which Nature has marked the spot, depicted graphically and triumphantly upon the canvas. The jagged line of mountain-peaks towering into the clear, distant, unfathomable sky; the faithful and exquisite modelling of the uneven mountain-sides; the broad variety of light and shade, from snow-crests bright with sunshine to valleys sombre with unbroken gloom; the rude and stony foreground not in itself pleasing, but heightening the effect which Nature meant in gathering together the wild materials of such a scene, all testify to the skill, the vigor, and the fidelity with which the artist has, as it were, actually stolen from Nature her own art of beautifying her solitudes, and reproduced it as his own. Mr. Nichols shows, year by year, the steady improvement of a true lover of his art, and this work, the latest from his hand, is one of which any artist might be happy to claim the just merit and praise. The stockholders of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, desiring to present to their Treasurer, Mr. Alexander M. White a testimonial of their respect, in consideration of his official fidelity have, we understand, purchased this fine painting for that purpose.

Among the few really good portraits in the exhibition we are glad to recognize the manly features of the Rev. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, from the pencil of his son, Mr. W. H. Furness, Jr.

RUSSIAN EMANCIPATION.—The Emperor's Decree of Emancipation for the Serfs we are reluctantly constrained to postpone till next week.

A VOICE FROM AN ENGLISH PULPIT.

6, SOUTH PARADE, CLIFTON, March 15.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY: *My Dear Sir*,—I preached a sermon on slavery a couple of Sundays ago (March 3d), and was asked to publish it. It had, however, been written off in a "heat," and under an impulse which had not given me time for a sufficiently careful composition to be worth publishing. It served the end for which I intended it, inasmuch as I had my say on the subject, and used the opportunity of directing the attention of my flock to some of the religious and moral aspects of this question in these dark and threatening days. I promised, however, to send a part of my discourse for insertion in THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, if the Editor is willing to admit it, as at least an honest, heartfelt utterance of feeling from an English pulpit; and I have thought that I had better send it to you and ask you, if you think well, to forward it, or a smaller portion, to THE STANDARD, with a word to the Editor as to where it came from. We are watching with the deepest interest, and, I must add, with the deepest anxiety, the course of events in your country. I suppose we are justified in believing that, whatever the final solution of the difficulty may be, this fearful crisis must have given a great blow to the stability of the slave system. But, seeing how differently those who are actually engaged in the events judge as to the probable issue one feels here, at this distance, that it is almost absurd to form any opinion, and we can only watch, and speak out for freedom and justice, and pray, "God defend the right!"

I read with disgust and wonder the accounts of the riotings at Syracuse and at Boston and elsewhere. I think the association of slavery with all that is base and mean has never been so strikingly shown as now: witness the intended assassination of your new President, if the story of such a plot can be true.

Believe me to be, my dear sir, yours very truly,

ROBERT C. JONES.

THE SERMON.

On Sunday, March 3d, a Sermon was preached in Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol, England, by the Rev. R. C. Jones, B.A., on some THOUGHTS ON SLAVERY, suggested by the present crisis in America. Taking as his text the words of Isaiah, lviii. 6, the preacher showed how slavery, though allowed by the letter of the Mosaic law (as also was polygamy), was discouraged from the first, and its evils alleviated; and the teaching of the prophets under the Old Dispensation, perfected in Christ under the New, gave to men the purer word of God, and proclaimed a message of justice and freedom for all mankind.

EXTRACT.

It is false, then, to say either that the Bible sanctions slavery, or that it does not forbid it. *The word of God* in the Bible *does* forbid it: forbids it when it speaks by the lips of Christ, saying, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"; when it declares by an earlier prophet, "What doth God require of thee, but to do justice and to love mercy"; or when, with the warning of a terrible punishment, it proclaims, "Thus saith the Lord, Ye have not hearkened unto me, in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor: behold I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine: and I will make you to be removed into all the kingdoms of the earth."

And if that judgment was thus pronounced against a people who were yet under the law, and who were still learning, with difficulty and uncertainty, the lessons of a higher and a diviner justice, with what an awful voice of warning and condemnation must it speak to those who live in the light of the gospel, and have received the blessings of the Savior's message of love, have heard and accepted his two commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"!

A Christian system of slavery! A Christian country, where millions of God's children are held as the chattels, the property, of their brethren; where the bands of wickedness are never loosed, where the heavy burdens are never lightened, where the oppressed are protected by no human law, and every yoke is retained. Is it a Christian civilization under which such things can be? Nay, if you want to find its parallel, go not to any part of the Bible to find it; there is nothing like it even in the earliest, rudest days, when the selfish passions and untutored wills of men were being taught the first imperfect lessons of God's justice. The place where you may find it is in the annals of paganism—in Egypt, in Greece, or in Rome—where the pride of empire and the lust of power brought at length their awful retribution. And so, with sorrow and dismay, have we watched the dark clouds of ruin and misery that have been surely gathering over the country where in our modern, Christian days, the eternal laws of God's justice have been thus trampled under foot, and the voice of his love and truth despised. Swiftly and surely has the retribution been coming, and even as of old has the awful voice cried, "Ye have not hearkened unto me in proclaiming liberty, every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor: behold I proclaim a liberty for you to the sword, to the pestilence, to the famine."

If ever the hand of God was plainly seen bringing judgment on a disobedient nation; if ever a people's sin has been followed by a just and certain retribution, it has been so in that unhappy country which is trembling now, perhaps, on the brink of a civil war, and which, whatever the event may be, can never be bound again in any national unity so long as this corroding curse of slavery remains. In the States where slavery exists it has degraded the whole national character, and poisoned the springs of religion and morality. In its defence, men have not shrunk from risking the most perilous consequences, and severing the bond that has held the States together and united them into one great and powerful nation; and the jealousies and hatreds which it has engendered have broken out into open defiance and threatenings, and declarations of irreconcileable enmity and an eternal separation.

It has been felt that the crisis was come at last, and in various ways men seek to save their country. Assuredly they cannot save both it and slavery too. If there be indeed a God in heaven who rules the destinies of men, his word is saying now, "Repent and turn yourselves from all your transgressions: so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Make you a new heart and a new spirit for why will ye perish."

A few weeks ago, when the first certainty of this trouble began, a day was set apart throughout the land for fasting, and solemn prayer to God that he would avert the impending ruin from the country; and from the myriad Churches of the South a cry went up to the throne of God, that he would pardon the sins of his people, and that he would mercifully suffer them to keep their slaves. That, at least, was the spirit of their prayer. And the ministers of Christ's religion were proving from God's Book that man has an inalienable right to hold his brother in the bonds of a perpetual servitude and there were but few faithful voices, even in the free North, which were lifted up to vindicate the way of truth and justice and speak the true message of the gospel. But from the days of old, when Israel, yet unrepentant, cried on the Lord from her outward humiliation in sackcloth and ashes, the voice of God was surely heard, "Behold ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Is it such a fast that I have chosen? A day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke?"

Assuredly we know that that is the only hope for the land where slavery exists, that is the only atonement that remains for the national sin which now is bringing on its fearful retribution. No one of us can look on unmoved and see the evil that has overtaken the people who are sprung from the same English stock, and are bound to us by so many natural affinities and healthful rivalries, whose land we have regarded as the rightful home of freedom, and the field of progress. Nay more, have we not, by the necessities of our trade and manufactures, come to have a kind of inevitable complicity with the system whose downfall may be at hand, and must be surely approaching? With a deep and painful interest we watch the issue of the momentous struggle, and though we cannot act, can only watch and wait, yet no honest lips can keep silent, no manly English heart can refrain from telling of its hope or fear. Thankful am I that the press, that true index of the [illegible] and conviction, has spoken out so [illegible] on behalf of freedom and right, and has [illegible] other principles besides those of profit and loss. The commercial enterprises of a nation, and the growth of wealth and power and luxury, have too often benumbed the conscience and blinded the eyes to great and crying evils, and England is not always free from the reproach. But, God be praised! her sympathies are enlisted on behalf of freedom and justice. She does not do and suffer all she might to "loose the bands of wickedness and let the oppressed go free"; but she is not slow to speak the word of warning and encouragement, and she watches with eager interest the progress of liberty, and rejoices in the triumph of those principles which are at the foundation of all her own greatness and true prosperity.

I say, then, let us not cease to hope and to pray that out of the trial that is come upon them, our brethren beyond the broad Atlantic may be at last redeemed, though it be so as by fire.

Let us suffer no thought of our own possible [illegible] difficulty to overcome our love for liberty and right, [illegible] make us look with anything but horror and reprobation on the enormous crime that will be committed [illegible] oath of national unity is ever renewed [illegible] riveted fetters of the slave. May God avert so great a blow to the newborn hopes of freedom! May [illegible] lasting word of truth have power to reach the [illegible] science of the free North, and prevent the baseness of the least compromise of principle, that [illegible] would dare to found the conditions of a nation's [illegible] ness on a compact of eternal dishonor!

I know, indeed, that it is visionary to expect [illegible] public conscience, which has been so long [illegible] contact with the evil thing, can now assert [illegible] and lead the way at once to the only path [illegible] ance. And there seems scarcely any hope [illegible] even enough worldly wisdom left to keep the [illegible] from the infatuation of all its passions [illegible].

I only pray, May God defend the cause [illegible] rebuke every spirit of cowardice [illegible] with evil. May he grant that those whose [illegible] will be greatest in the coming emergency may be [illegible] to maintain the truth, and to plead the cause of the oppressed! And slavery, though its hateful [illegible] tinue long to disgrace a Christian State and [illegible] very honor of a Christian Church, may even now [illegible] its sure death-blow, and the land may at length be [illegible] doned for her iniquities, when she hath received [illegible] Lord's hands the righteous punishment for all her [illegible]

Oh, may the overruling providence of God bring order again out of the desolation, peace out of [illegible] and lasting good out of temporary evil! May he [illegible] the reckless hand of the spoiler and the oppressor, [illegible] loose the bands of wickedness, and may the pure spirit of Christianity at length assume its rightful sway [illegible] the land, even that simple, earnest spirit which was wafted across the wide ocean in the Mayflower two centuries ago. Still does it dwell in the faithful few who dare, in that strife of passion and selfishness, to speak the true word, face the storm, and say that slavery shall die. And as one word of God's truth was ever heard above all the clamor of human falsehood and madness, so shall this faithful counsel be listened to at last. And the promise shall not be unfulfilled: "If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise from obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday, . . . and thou shalt be like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places, thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."

The sermon was preached on the day originally fixed for the proclamation of the emancipation of the serfs of the Russian empire, and attention was directed to the strange anomaly of a "free republic" risking national ruin for the sake of upholding a system of the worst slavery, while the despotic Emperor of Russia was steadily pursuing his design of breaking every fetter of bondage, and eager to be able to celebrate the anniversary of the empire by proclaiming that throughout his vast dominions the heavy burdens should be undone and the oppressed should, at last, go free.

THE LATE TRAGEDY AT CLEVELAND.—V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE advocate of Lucy should have urged on the Stygian court at Cleveland, in her behalf, that the Fugitive Slave bill of 1850 is in violent conflict with whatever may assert any legal authority. It is a gross assault on the very soul of legislation. It is flagrantly inconsistent with every obligation which human nature recognizes and honors. It flatly, impudently, blasphemously contradicts the sovereign voice of the Creator. And all this, Lucy's advocate, we are told, admitted on her trial—admitted in pointed and emphatic terms—characterizing the Fugitive Slave bill as intensely malignant, as an enactment whose "tender mercies are cruelty."

Now Judge Spaulding and all his fellows, of all [illegible] and parties, knew full well that, according to a fundamental maxim in legislation, everywhere affirmed as undeniably of the very highest authority, any enactment, from whatever source it may be derived and whatever ends it may be designed to subserve, which is in conflict with our natural obligations, is a malignant and hateful nullity to be rejected, spit upon and execrated. Such, flagrantly, is the character of the Fugitive Slave bill; and so, obviously, it ought, whenever it may obtrude itself in any way upon us, to be disposed of. This, with stern benignity is demanded by the spirit of legislation. *This* is trampled under foot wherever *that* is enforced. All Cleveland knew that Lucy was not a *criminal* but a VICTIM. They all knew that the edict to which she was sacrificed was a great act of grim persecution flatly contradictory of course to the very genius of law. In yielding to its demands they exerted themselves in the blasphemed name of order for the introduction of universal anarchy. [illegible] could not reënslave Lucy as reënslave her they did without assailing, as assail they did, the very [illegible] LEGISLATION.

But, it may be demanded, who shall decide whether the honors due to law shall or shall not be [illegible] to any such enactment as Lucy suffered under? [illegible] enough, *who*? WHO? Why, every creature [illegible] who is capable of discriminating between the right and the wrong in their most striking forms, and under their clearest and most decisive aspects. Every [illegible] that *a woman cannot* [illegible] ment which proclaims her so, in any circumstances, for any purpose, is *false legislation*, is an attempt to clothe *a lie* with legislative authority. Every [illegible] knows that the mutual connection of work with wages is natural, universal, indissoluble, and that any enactment which requires a guiltless and unaccused [illegible] to work without wages is essentially and grossly unjust, is an attempt to inflict heinous wrong in the name of the "only Potentate." Everybody knows whoever is responsible to law is entitled to its protection: any enactment which, with mock authority, [illegible] a woman under its control without [illegible] natural benefits, is undeniably a malignant absurdity, and can, by no possibility, be obligatory. It is a mockery, *glaringly cruel mockery*, to pretend that [illegible] names at Cleveland were bound by the organic [illegible] the republic, to inflict, as *they did inflict*, deadly wrongs and crushing injuries on their helpless, outraged [illegible] No man can, by any possibility, be bound to [illegible] wrong to fasten injury on any creature. The supposition is suffocating. It is drenched in the brimstone of the nether world. An attempt, from whatever quarter, to clothe insult and outrage with legislative authority, is a gross and deadly assault on the spirit of legislation. It cannot be made without renouncing the very soul of authority.

In disposing of such conclusions, equally self-evident and significant, has any man occasion to consult the oracular decisions of any court, Supreme or otherwise? Must he betake himself to any Judge Taney in order to ascertain whether any essential difference lies between his dog and himself? Can any Judge Taney make work without wages obligatory? Can he or any of his creatures neutralize and nullify the ordinances of nature? Whatever "atrocious judges" may deny or affirm, with or without their consent, three times three amount to nine; but not more evidently and certainly than that Lucy, as a woman, could not be the [illegible] of any man but was *the sister* of every man. With or without any judge's consent, every man, in Cleveland as elsewhere, was bound to treat her, as he had opportunity, in all respects fraternally. Could Judge Taney, or any other piece of official absurdity, arrogance and impotence, shield the wretch from merited damnation, here and hereafter. who might dare. as the people of Cleveland dared. to refuse? I never heard that nature was afraid of any malignant dotard. however and whatever he might mumble.

It is malignantly and infamously false that we are bound to obey unrighteous edicts in honor of healthful legislation. The two stand over against each other in "irreconcilable conflict." To perpetrate injustice in the name and on the behalf of justice! To lie, from an affectionate regard for the truth! To inflict wrongs in the name of rectitude! Are we to open our ears to such babble, in the sphere of ethics or politics, as if we were listening to the voice of wisdom? The love of the right, any child knows, involves hatred of the wrong. No law-abiding individual or community can, as law-abiding, help trampling on false legislation, however obtruded on their respect and confidence.

Nor may we yield obedience to an oppressive edict till its repeal can be procured. It must be denounced and resisted promptly without the slightest hesitation or the least delay. If it can be endured under the name of a law for an hour, it may be endured for a day, for a year, forever. To obey is to identify ourselves with any such statute. is to incorporate it into our character. It is to yield to temptation; to become base and wicked. Thus. to the extent of our influence, we set ourselves against its repeal. We do what we can to fasten it on the statute book to clothe it with authority everlastingly.

The Fugitive Slave bill furnished no apology whatever for the late Cleveland tragedy. Far otherwise. Everybody there knew that it could impose no obligation of obedience; that it ought. everywhere, to be denounced and resisted. Everybody there knew that Lucy should be fully and affectionately protected: and knew that the Virginia claimant should have been repulsed promptly and driven back resistlessly to his den of blood and pollution. Why were not such conclusions urged in her defence?

In my next paper I propose briefly to advert to the sentence which the Cleveland court pronounced.

Beriah Green.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.. XLIX.

March 25th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: The news you send us is so much more interesting than any we can send you that I feel almost ashamed to write. Yet it must be more or less important to you to learn how your public affairs look at a distance; and also how the prospects of liberty are opening in various directions. So I will write as if you really had leisure to attend to the voices of your friends over the sea.

Since I wrote last, the general feeling in this country, and, I believe, in most others, has gone round—if not in favor of the South, at least far away from the North. In the absence of accurate knowledge of the views of the Abolitionists, and of the state of parties, English people have sympathized with "the North," supposing this to be sympathizing with Republican opinion and anti-slavery sentiment and conviction. The Tariff business has been a rude awakening from this kind of dream; and it may be doubted whether the late interest and sympathy can ever be renewed; unless, indeed, by such a practical protest by your countrymen generally as will show that they regard tyranny and injustice with as much disgust at the North as in the South. Nothing short of a national repudiation of this insane protective policy can regain the respect and sympathy of the Old World to the free States: and at this I think you can feel no surprise. It had been a sore and long trial to the hope and trust of your friends in Europe that the Northern men in Congress submitted to the overbearing temper of the South, even yielding up the most sacred liberties to their demands. When the Republican party arose, and elected Mr. Lincoln, it was hoped that the day of disgrace was over; and, since the secession of South Carolina, the strongest interest that the world could present to the friends of liberty has been the part that the free States would take when relieved from the presence of the Southern virtual majority at Washington. The disappointment and concern have been extreme. As soon as the Northern members could have their own way, they have imitated the South as closely as they could in selfish greed and blind cruelty and injustice. It is no trifle that the folly of their course is ruinous. It is no trifle that such a people as the American nation is doomed to needless injury in its intelligence, its arts, its intercourses, and its fortunes; but it is a graver misfortune that this is done in a spirit of cupidity in a critical hour of the nation's history. Unless this is an aggression of a particular class, which can be called to order and made to reverse their proceeding, all is over with the reputation and the prospects of the American people, in their relations with the rest of human society. If any class can exercise such tyranny, and if other classes can submit to it, there is an end of liberty and progress in the North, as there has long been in the South; and the great American experiment will have failed in all parts of the Republic.

It is, however, very certain that this suicidal scheme cannot be long sustained. At a time when the stupidest and most ignorant governments of Europe find themselves obliged to remit the restrictions on commerce; when the French Emperor is compelled to risk his throne by a scheme of partial free trade, to avoid losing it by a continuance of prohibition or high protection, a country like yours can hardly sink into utter ruin for want of hands to rescue it. No Executive and no Congress that can be appointed and elected could enforce a prohibitory or protective policy when the time for it has gone by. But it is terrible to think of the interval. It is a fearful question whether the spirit of the nation has so far decayed as that society generally will submit to injury and degradation from one particular portion of it. If it has so far decayed, the national case is hopeless. If it has not, you have the war to wage over again with the tyrants of the North which you are just bringing to a close with those of the South. People in Europe had hoped that now you were severed from the slaveholders you would be free and strong to begin a new national life: but, lo! you are seen to have an oligarchy in your own section, just as hostile to justice and freedom as the planter interest; and the question naturally is—What hope is there for liberty and public virtue now? You Abolitionists have often told us that there is little to choose between North and South; and we see now that you were right.

Will your general population—the men and women who work. and live frugally—submit to be robbed for the sake of the ironmasters and owners of cotton mills? Will they pay high for bad tools and inferior materials, and see their industry declining in value. simply because a class of capitalists wants to get rich at their expense? Will your merchants allow their commerce to decay, and feel themselves falling into the rear of other nations. merely to uphold a monopoly which enriches, or is falsely supposed to enrich, certain orders of producers? Will the citizens generally, rich and poor, clerical and lay. idle and busy. submit to heavy and needless taxation, to please the cupidity of a hundredth part of their number? We must hope not: but what sign is there at present that they will resist? What have your Northern citizens ever done to render such an attempt upon their rights impossible? By their passive behavior one would almost suppose they had not heard of this or any preceding tariff, or that they do not understand its bearings. They must rouse themselves soon, or their liberties are lost. Already it seems that they are bound hand and foot till December. If we are rightly informed, the Tariff cannot be repealed till then.

It cannot work for any length of time. It may do infinite mischief before it can be repealed; but it cannot work on for a course of years. Monopoly prices cannot be sustained in any one part of the world when the natural rate is prevalent elsewhere; and, least of all, can such prices be sustained in a country which, like the free States, has free-trading countries on both frontiers. While your merchants are losing their commerce, and your manufacturers are finding that the decline of industry more than balances their artificial gains, the Southern ports, and Canada. will have the commerce that you turn away from your shores. Foreign manufactures will penetrate the country from a thousand points of the frontier [illegible] the seaboard; and the encroaching class, after much struggle and loss, will have to yield up its unjust privileges, or, perhaps, throw them up in disgust and disappointment. As for the effect of the Tariff on European commerce—it will be a great, but only a temporary, inconvenience. England and France will sell as much of their goods as ever; but new channels have to be ascertained. The loss will fall, not on them. but on the American public. And great will the loss be—first, in unjust taxation—heavy and needless—and next in the decline of commerce and the discouragement of industry. The material loss is, however, the smallest evil. The revival of the corrupt institution of smuggling is a greater evil; and so is the recognition of a vicious principle of social action; and so is the treachery to the requirements of justice. It is true pro-slavery practice—this of your protectionists, exercised as rankly as it can be in a non-slaveholding country.

You are probably by this time aware of the truth about the serf emancipation—that the Emperor of Russia, supported by a brother and a few more, has held the ground of his purpose so far. in face of the opposition of the nobles and the bureaucracy, as to have proclaimed that the serfs shall be emancipated in the course of two years. The proclamation is a great step; for it is an appeal to general sympathy. and will bring in support from public opinion. Already the Poles seize upon it as a bond between them and the Emperor: and there will be but one voice in all Europe on the event. Not the less are the enemies of the scheme resolved that it shall never be executed; and when the details are considered, it is only too plain that they can wreck it if they choose. The best hope lies in the danger of further delay. Whatever the ignorance and apathy of the rural serfs may be, there are large numbers and even classes of town serfs who understand their position and prospect. and will never now submit to further cheating and delay. This is one danger to the obstructives. Another, and to the Emperor more grave and urgent, is. that he cannot preserve the empire under the existing system. If Russia is to be a European power, she must have a middle class and a rising industry; and to obtain these. the laboring order must be free. As to the terms. we have two years in which to study them. The danger to the landowners' fortunes is great, but not greater than going on as they are. The difference is that they may themselves have to face the loss instead of leaving it, with aggravation, to their children. The whole situation of Russia is critical in the extreme: but if the empire can be preserved. it will be by emancipating and not disappointing the serfs. The Emperor's embarrassments are clearly indicated by his replies to the appeals from Warsaw. He disappoints the Poles and wounds their feelings; and he keeps them in suspense to gain time; but he no longer threatens violent repression, as on former and much lesser occasions. He will yield as little as he can; but he will avoid actual warfare on every hand as long as possible. His position is a hard and perplexing one, and he deserves all possible allowance. The requisites for a successful scheme of emancipation have not been provided, but perhaps he could not act in that direction; and we may see that a wise and firm management of the chances of the two intervening years may give him a control over the officials and the nobles sufficient for his purpose.

You will have observed that the Secessionists. in striking a bold stroke for their cotton monopoly, have lost it. All the world is growing cotton. or bringing it to market. In a few seasons we shall be released from all anxiety about the American crops. It will be particularly interesting and cheering to us to get part of our supply from Haiti.

I need say nothing of our speculations here as to the chances of peace or war in your country. I have never, for a moment, believed a reunion possible; and if that is true, war would be in every sense useless. I, for one, see no way to any settlement; and all I know is, that if there are two confederacies, one of which enslaves labor and the other trade, the world will see both fall into the rear of civilization. Mr. Lincoln's address seems to us plain enough in its intent and matter; and it is more welcome than any President's address for many a year past, from its being devoid of knavery, of cant, and of abuse of the Abolitionists. I suppose you did not expect to pick up a great statesman or a sound Abolitionist in the hap-hazard way in which you get your Presidents—and there seems reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln is, as far as he goes, an honest man. If it requires a statesman to save your country, still, it is a blessing not to be saddled with a traitor or a knave.

Our Queen is mourning her mother—a devoted mother, to whom the nation is under great obligations for her sensible rearing of her child. The Duchess of Kent was old and in a suffering state, but if not much missed, she will always be heartily respected. H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, April 8, 1861.

At last the Administration begins to show more pluck, more energy, more brains. It actually would seem as if the United States government had got ready to defend its flag, and that traitors henceforth are not to have so pleasant a time of it as they have had all winter. The do-nothing policy has been most fully "played out." When *The New York Times* complains of a Republican Administration for its want of energy in its treatment of pro-slavery rebels, be sure that it is high time for the people to be aroused. The slashing leader in *The Times* on Wednesday created something of a sensation in Administration circles, and among the politicians generally. "What!" was the exclamation, "is the conservative Seward organ sick of inaction?" The article was not without an effect. More than one Cabinet member read it with a smile of satisfaction lurking upon his countenance. Mr. Seward, one may guess, made a wry face, and could have cried out, "No more o' that, an' thou lovest me, Hal." For it was really an attack upon Mr. Seward. The other members of the Cabinet who possess much influence are in favor of a decided policy towards the rebel government. Mr. Lincoln is not nearly so much to blame for the do-nothing policy of his Administration as Mr. Seward is. Seward has advocated doing nothing *as a policy*. He believes the Ship of State, if left alone, will *drift* into quiet waters, and will escape the dangers which surround her at the present time. It has, therefore, on his part, been a piece of diplomacy. "Masterly inactivity" has been his watchword, and it has. so far, ruled the Administration. The fact is, under this do-nothingism the President has not had anything to employ him but the distribution of the offices. *The Times* complains that Mr. Lincoln should give up so much of his precious time in trying to settle the quarrels of the office-seekers. But heretofore the President has purposely been watching and waiting to decide upon a policy, and meantime a little amusement with the gentle-mannered place-seekers would not come amiss.

At last there is a change. The wind blows up fresh from the cool north-west. There *are* things the Administration will not submit to, and one of them is the evacuation of Fort Pickens. As for Sumter, let it be abandoned. It cannot well be held, but Fort Pickens *can* be reinforced, *and will be*. Jeff. Davis has said to the United States government, "You must get out of the way—or fight." These unseemly kicks, this undignified usage, have stirred up Uncle Sam's dander, and he begins to show his teeth. For which all anti-slavery men should be thankful. Not that they delight in civil war, but because slavery is worse than war. With peace, we shall have a most disgraceful reconstruction of the Union and government on the most iniquitous pro-slavery basis. If this government were to become the football of Jefferson Davis, retreating from fort to fort at his command, it would not be one year before that same Jefferson Davis would dictate the condition and principles of the Northern people. Such cowardice on the part of a Republican Administration would soon demoralize the party. and completely discourage the anti-slavery people.

Just see how the do-nothing policy has already affected the elections. The Cincinnati Republicans openly declare that that city was recently carried by the pro-slavery Democracy, because the Republicans had no heart for the contest. They could not see much difference between the late and the present Administrations in reference to secession, and lost their ambition or desire to triumph. So in Connecticut. The two defeated Republican members know, better than anybody else, *why* they were defeated. The Republican voters were disheartened. One terrible blunder was committed by the President, through the intervention of Thurlow Weed and Mr. Seward. Henry Sanford, a pro-slavery Whig, and heretofore not a friend to Republicanism, was selected from all the brave soldiers in the cause in that little State for the honors of a foreign mission! Before the election, the highest office which it was proposed to award to any Connecticut citizen was given to a man who has never sympathized with the Republican party. It is a wonder that such an outrage did not lose the State. Hundreds of Republicans did not go near the polls, and. on the other hand, the Weed Republicans, the Compromisers, judging from this act that the Administration was sure to be very conservative, scratched off the anti-compromise candidates for Congress from the ticket. They doubtless thought that the Administration would prefer the radical Republicans to be beaten. I happen to know that some of these facts have been brought to the knowledge of the President lately. and as he has always meant well by every one of his official acts, he was not a little startled. Mr. Lincoln is honest. He is no cotton-consecienced apology of a man. Neither is he a small-potatoes diplomatist. He may be misled and humbugged. but he means to do right.

Within the past few days there has been very much excitement in Washington. The movements of the Administration look to a war. It is generally believed here that a war is inevitable. It may be postponed for a time. but sooner or later it will come. The Montgomery government will not "down" at our bidding. Nor is it inclined to deal fairly with us. It will not do so till it has been thrashed. Did a slaveholder *ever* deal fairly with a non-slaveholder, unless he was compelled to do so? If so, I never heard of the case. If, for the sake of peace. all the forts are given up, for the same reason half the Territories must be made over to slavery. Nothing but war will save them from such a fate. Shall they be given up to avert war? A strong party is springing up in the Republican ranks which favors a peaceable separation from the slave States. There are many very strong reasons for such a course. and a vast majority of the people of the free States would favor it, if they thought it possible to separate the States without a conflict of arms. But how shall the separation be made peaceable? The first step will be to abandon Forts Sumter and Pickens. When that is done, the anti-slavery organization at the North will be so demoralized that a majority of the people of [illegible] free States will be ready for a reconstruction of [illegible] Union to suit the slavery propagandists. Look at Rhode Island. She would gladly take South Carolina by the hand to-morrow. But if. in defence of Fort Pickens, a war breaks out. three-fourths of the people of the State. mean and contemptible as they are, would be on the side of this government and against slavery. This is the deliberate opinion of some of the shrewdest of the radical Republicans. "War—compromise—or separation." This is the way a recent writer puts the case. If it *really* stood so. there would be no hesitation in the case. The people would instantly choose "separation." But the choice lies between compromise or war. Peaceable separation is utterly out of the question. This. I know. will be the *first* cry. Senator Douglas first started it. but he knew then and knows now that when we no longer have a government which the people respect. that one great barrier between us and a disgraceful compromise is broken down. It will not be one year. if the United States' government retreats in the face of the Southern rebels, before a new Union and government will be constructed, and in it the slaveholders will do pretty much as they please.

There is a very good reason, then, for the cry which comes up from the border slave States, and the leprous democracy of the North, of "No coercion." The Charleston *Mercury* doesn't join in it, because it has no desire for a reunion of the States. The border slave States want reconstruction, with slavery properly cared for, and they continue their doleful cry against the use of force by *this* government. They care little how much force Jefferson Davis uses, but Mr. Lincoln mustn't use any. Why? Because they well know. if the Administration abandons the forts and consents to a do-nothing policy, in a very short time the pro-slavery Democracy will be in the majority in every free State, unless we except Vermont and Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln begins to see this, hence his change of policy. There is a stir in the land—there is excitement and enthusiasm, and the popular heart beats wildly. A Southern man, never suspected of anti-slavery sentiment, said to me the other day, "If we *do* get into a war with the miserable Montgomery concern, I hope slavery will be driven from this continent at the point of the bayonet!" That is a specimen of the anti-slavery feeling which a decided policy on the part of the government evokes. It will be just the same in every free State. The people will soon be a unit against slavery and in favor of the government.

War is to be deprecated—no doubt of that. It is a terrible thing. But shall men *who believe in war* submit to every possible outrage a villanous slaveholding oligarchy can inflict? Shall men who would go to war with England or France about ten acres of snow or a dozen codfish, suddenly turn non-resistants, and beautiful peacemen, when American slaveholders wring their very noses off? That is the question. This nation never pretended to be non-resistant in its notions, and it is a little too late now to put in such a plea against war.

No. Give the government all possible encouragement for its apparent change of policy. Let it hold on to all the forts which can be held, and if Gen. Jeff. Davis makes war upon it, let it call upon the people to protect the honor of the nation. It will not take very long to convince the rebels that they had better rest satisfied if we will let *them* alone. Avon.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

This invention is rapidly working its way into universal use. Experience has effectually removed the prejudices which it encountered at first, and there is not, probably, a family or a manufacturing establishment in all the world, in which it has had a fair trial, that would not promptly attest its great value, as well on hygienic as economical grounds. The poor needle-women, who were at first alarmed lest they should be thrown out of work by its means, have found it a source of pecuniary profit and independence. Many a mother, who formerly earned a mere pittance by unintermitted toil, is now, by the use of a sewing machine. able to support her family in comfort and "lay by something for a rainy day." It is not uncommon to find the owner of a sewing machine earning from $50 to $100 per month. In 1853, 2,509 machines were sold in all the United States. Since that time the sales have steadily increased; and in 1859, the number sold was 46,243. During this period the machine has been essentially improved in various particulars. so that it is hard to say how it could be made more perfect.

If any one should ask us which of the various manufacturers produces the best machine, we frankly confess that our experience does not qualify us to pronounce a positive judgment; but without saying a word in disparagement of other dealers, our experience authorizes us to say that the machines sold by Wheeler and Wilson are worthy of the high commendation bestowed upon them in the following letter from Mrs. Howitt:

West Hill Lodge, Highgate, London.

Gentlemen: I have very great pleasure in bearing my testimony to the value of your sewing machine. which I can do conscientiously. To say that it is a wonderful invention is saying little, for there are many wonderful inventions now-a-days; but this I can aver, that it is the realization of all our imaginings of household fairies and good hard-working brownies that ask for no payment. It is an ever ready, ever capable friend in need; one who never wearies, never loses its eyesight over the most delicate work. nor ever, in fact, can be overworked. If a son be going suddenly to the antipodes. or a daughter to be married. or if your benevolence longs, in the cold, windy weather. to clothe the poor in warm garments, you need not hesitate as to who shall do this sudden accumulation of needlework. There stands the good genius of your household, with her silver arms extended. and her ever-threaded needle ready. to do your bidding. Sit then down beside her, converse pleasantly with her, lay your hand delicately upon the outspread work before her. and like a dream of enchantment the exquisite work will pass under your eye completed.

Such has been the experience in our family. Need I say more? Yes, I must answer that warm remonstrance on behalf of the poor needle-women who otherwise might have profited by all this necessary work. What is to become of them. if the fairy of the sewing machine is to do all M——'s work. as by magic? Be not alarmed. kind-hearted philanthropists. for that which is in itself good can never ultimately produce evil. It is the sewing machine, which will compel our Senators and philanthropists to consider seriously the case of our sisters of the needles, and to legislate wisely for them. It is the sewing machine which will. in the end, emancipate miserable women from the slavery of "gusset [illegible] and," which will open [illegible] them wise and safe paths of [illegible]gration which [illegible] thousands of blameless [illegible] women, [illegible] new lands, and for new homes of peace and plenty, where woman's time will be valuable, and where, consequently. the sewing machine will be again a household blessing, a household necessity.

I am, gentlemen. yours very sincerely,

Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson. Mary Howitt.

A BLOODY CONFLICT!

We go to press (on Thursday morning). in the presence of intense excitement. It is probable that, before this sheet reaches its readers. the telegraph will flash over the land the particulars of a bloody battle at Charleston! The President has undertaken to supply the starving garrison at Fort Sumter with food, and notified the rebels of the South that. if they fire upon the vessel employed for that peaceful purpose, the consequences will be upon their own heads. A whole fleet of war vessels has been sent to Charleston. and it is believed that if the rebels dare to fire the first gun, a force sufficient to silence their batteries will be landed on Morris Island, and not only provisions, but reinforcements conveyed to Major Anderson. It is probable that a bloody battle will be fought this very day.

We have not thought it necessary to occupy our columns with the details of these preparations for war on the part of the government, as they will reach our readers through other channels; nor shall we speculate upon the probable result of the impending battle. It is enough to say that the Administration has probably weighed the difficulties of the step it has undertaken, and employed the means deemed necessary to success.

BIRTHDAY OF REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

On Saturday, April 6th, a few old friends were invited to the house of the Rev. John Pierpont, in Medford, to celebrate his seventy-sixth birthday. He has had a larger share of trouble than usually falls to the lot of [illegible] but notwithstanding the heavy burdens he has [illegible] through a long pilgrimage, there are few [illegible] fifty years who walk with a more erect carriage, [illegible] a firmer step. On his pathway toward the sunset, he is accompanied by the best of all companions. an excellent wife. A few years ago, when they met as strangers, he was attracted by her fine presence and agreeable manners. and his wit, courtesy, and poetic fame were equally attractive to her. The mutual predilection was soon avowed, and fortunately it proved to be no mere transient Indian Summer of romance casting a parting gleam before the footsteps of approaching winter. The lady is a true, sympathizing, devoted friend. She brings a genial household warmth to his lonely hearth, while her energy, capability and economy arranges all things well.

The birthday commemoration was a surprise prepared by her, in honor of her poet and hero. He knew nothing of it, till friends and flowers gathered round him, while the expressive voice of music told of "The Old Folks at Home," "For Auld Lang Syne." The entertainment was simple but elegant, wholly prepared and arranged by the skill and good taste of the hostess. A large cake bore on its frosted surface the figures 76. The guests were not slow to remark that this expressed the character of Mr. Pierpont, as well as the number of his years; for those who were gathered round him had known him of old as a brave and faithful soldier, fighting the battles of human progress with the indomitable spirit of the heroes of '76; who, years ago, well deserved Dr. Channing's panegyric, when he said, "Mr. Pierpont is an upright, brave man."

One of the guests left the following lines on his study table:

"Pierpont! thou friend of God and man!
Tried fiercely like the exiles old,
And purer found than current gold;
For that, thou'rt placed beneath the ban."

The interesting anniversary impelled another friend to write the following stanzas:

TO JOHN PIERPONT,
THE HERO OF '76.

That courage is not best,
Which braves the cannon's roar,
And bears a dauntless breast
Mid swords that drip with gore.

The man who meets the hour,
And battles for the right,
Opposed by pride and power,
He is the man of might.

Such warfare is sustained
By faith in truth sublime,
By patience, slowly gained,
To wait for God's own time.

And yet to *work* always,
With zeal that knows no pause;
Still strong, 'mid long delays,
Secure in God's firm laws.

No trumpet-tones rejoice
O'er victory in view;
Alone the still, small voice,
That bids to dare and do.

Such heroes know no fears;
They care for no reward;
Content, 'mid scoffs and jeers,
To labor for the Lord.

And thou art such an one,
True soldier of the Cross
Thy duty bravely done,
Through obloquy and loss.

This crown upon thy brow
Illumes the silver hair,
And hearts before it bow,
With blessing and with prayer.

Old Volumes of The Standard.—The attention of subscribers and friends is once more asked to the following call of our friend Mr. Webb, of Dublin. He has taken great pains to complete a file of The Standard, for general use and reference; and with the aid of friends on this side the water, who have kindly responded to previous calls, has met with encouraging success. It is now hoped that the comparatively few remaining numbers, which are still wanting, will be speedily supplied; and our friends may be sure that they could not send them where they will be more useful.

Richard D. Webb, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of The National Anti-Slavery Standard to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for that purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, Boston; or to the Anti-Slavery Office. 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
5—No. 21.
6—No. 7.
7—No. 14
8—No. 13.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1. 20.
11—Nos. 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 45.
13—Nos. 8, 11, 18, 20, 26, 45, 49, 51, 52.
14—Nos. 28, 34. 35, 42.
17—No. 27.

The Rev. Alexander Crummell. who was ordained as an Episcopal clergyman in this city fourteen years ago, and who for some time past has resided at Cape Palmas, Liberia, has returned to his old home for the purpose of visiting his friends. He is in excellent health, and, while emphatically rejecting the doctrines and loathing the spirit of the Colonization Society, speaks hopefully of the condition of Liberia and its inhabitants.

Help for Fugitives.—Received, per N. R. Johnston, from Miss Mary Arthur, of Ryegate, Vt., for the aid of fugitive slaves, $5. W. S.

Summary.

One of the lately banded companies at Charleston is commanded by an Episcopal minister, and has in its ranks ten divinity students.

The Personal Liberty Law of Wisconsin is likely to keep its place in the statute-book. The bill for its modification, after passing the Senate, was laid on the table in the House by a vote of 44 to 40.

The Grand Jury of Greene County, Ga., have issued a presentment, requesting the Legislature to enact a law by which any citizen of that County who subscribes to *The Tribune* and *New York Evening Post*, *The Cleveland Plaindealer*, or any other publication of a like character, may be fined and imprisoned.

Rightly Served.—Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census, daily receives applications from the Census Marshals in the seceded States for payment for their services. His regular reply is that the applicants will be paid out of the stolen government funds whenever the Southern officials shall see fit to recognize the drafts of the Federal treasury.

"Brook Farm," in West Roxbury, Mass., on which the disciples of Fourier tried the experiment of an Association some years ago, has been suggested as a suitable place or a "Home for the Penitent Magdalens" of Boston—an [illegible] which Miss Emma Hardinge, a Spiritualist, is [illegible] to establish, and for which considerable sums of money have been subscribed. The price of the estate is $18,000.

African Blood in Virginia.—"A Virginian," writing in *The Times*, says: "In Virginia, where there is only one-eighth of African blood and seven-eighths of white blood, the law declares such a person to be a free white—and the white column is every year augmented by such persons passing into it. Whether this be law in other Southern States, I am not advised, but it is Virginia law, of which you may satisfy yourself by an examination of the Revised Code of 1849."

The Height of Impudence.—Parson Brownlow says: "An Alabama Secession paper inquires if the border States know what is 'The Height of Impudence'? We answer for the border States, that it is to see and hear a man swaggering and swearing in every crowd he enters, that he will go out of the Union because he can't get his rights, by having the privilege guaranteed to take slaves in the Territories, when, in fact, he does not own a negro in the world, never did, and never will; and, withal, can't get credit in any store in the County where he lives, for a wool hat, or a pair of brogans!"

The Cotton Confederacy Abroad.—There is a report in circulation that secret agents, sent to England and France by the Administration immediately after it came into power, have returned, bringing the most explicit assurances that the governments of those countries are decidedly hostile to the slave Confederacy, and will, in no manner, recognize or countenance it. It is altogether improbable that any such agents have been sent, for the simple reason that ample means are possessed by the Administration of learning the intentions of France and England without employing secret agents, and it has been well known from the beginning that the slaveholders possess no hold whatever on the sympathy or respect of any part of the civilized world. Their only possible allies are Ashantee, Dahomey, and the Democratic politicians of the North.—*Tribune*.

Virginia to the North.

Thus speaks the sovereign Old Dominion
To Northern States her frank opinion:

FIRST.

Move not a finger: 'tis coercion,
The signal for our prompt dispersion.

SECOND.

Wait, till I make my full decision,
Be it for Union or division.

THIRD.

If I declare my ultimatum,
Accept my terms, as I shall state 'em.

FOURTH.

Then, I'll remain, while I'm inclined to,
Seceding when I have a mind to.

—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A Prize for a Tract, but no Tract for the Prize.—The undersigned, a Committee appointed by the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" to award a premium of one hundred dollars for a tract upon the question, "How shall Northern churches and Christians absolve themselves from all responsible connection with slavery?" have received and examined twenty-five or more manuscripts. Some of them are able discussions of the general subject of slavery. But the Committee regret to say that, in their opinion, no one of them is sufficiently germane to the question proposed to entitle it to the award. The manuscripts are with the chairman at Hopkinton, Mass., subject to the order of their respective writers.

J. C. Webster, }
J. N. Murdock, } Committee of Award.
M. French, }

Hopkinton, Mass., March 11th, 1861.

Union Sentiment in Charleston.—A very respectable and industrious man, a native of Pennsylvania, and who resides within the sound of St. Michael's bells, has two intelligent daughters who were employed at the needle by a King street store; they were set to work the other day to manufacture some flags of the gimcrack pro-slavery Confederacy, the girls, with a nobleness which was alike creditable to their heads and hearts, positively refused to set a stitch in the treasonable bunting, and lost employment in consequence. They have, I am happy to say, been successful in obtaining work from some good and true friends of the Union.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune*.

One More Unfortunate.—A copy of *The World* was returned by mail to our counting room the other day, indorsed "Stop this d—d abolition paper. D—n you." It is in this way, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. Paul F. Eve, of Nashville, in the loyal State of Tennessee, craves an introduction to you. We bestow on him that boon hereby. Make your bow, Mr. Eve, but withhold your thanks, while we expatiate on your merits. You may, meantime, read Holmes's last tale of Yankee life, and find there a theory which may account to you for yourself. . . . To detect an Abolitionist, and doom him to perdition in writing, regardless of expense, is a good commencement of what must be a high career. The next step is to burn one. Take that step, and you are on the road to glory. You may die executioner-general of all who do not agree with you in the Southern Confederacy.—*The World*.

Cruelty to a Slave.—I am no advocate for whiskey drinking, but, as a matter of fair play, I do think that the chivalry who take so large a license themselves, should not be so very arbitrary in denying a moderate use of it to their subordinates; on Friday last one of the poor German soldiers, whom I have mentioned before, accosted a negro on Morris Island, and begged liquor of him; the good-natured darkey gave him a small quantity out of the bottle he had with him, but was detected in the act, and for this little work of charity he was unmercifully flogged; three hundred lashes were inflicted upon his bare back by a ruffian, and last evening (March 30th) the doctor pronounced him in a dangerous condition, giving little hopes of his recovery. The name of the man who claims to "own" this negro is Legree.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune*.

Optimism.—There is an optimism expressed by Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on Montaigne, which will fit this country's case, even if Mr. Lincoln falls into the hands of the compromisers, which I do not yet believe. "The lesson of life is practically to generalize; to believe what the years and the centuries say against the days and the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars; to penetrate to their catholic sense. Things seem to say one thing and say the reverse. The appearance is immoral; the result is moral. Things seem to tend downward, to justify dependency, to promote rogues, to defeat the just, but by knaves, as by martyrs, just cause is carried forward. Although knaves win in every political struggle, although society seems to be delivered over from the hands of one set of criminals into the hands of another set of criminals, as fast as the government is changed, and the march of civilization is a train of felonies, yet general ends are somehow answered." In the last resort, after all opposition to the knaves and compromisers has ceased to avail, we have the consolation embodied in these words, that the knaveries and compromises can avail nothing to stop the progress of events.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican*.

The Plague of Office-seeking.—The Governor is besieged in his green room, in his walks, and even in his pew in church, by office-seekers. They plague one like the Athanasian curse, which wound intimately through every fold and tissue of its subject's body, that no infinitesimal membrane or muscle might escape the invoked malediction. Like other rites of false religions, it led, no doubt, to a more accurate knowledge of anatomy, and did no possible harm, save to the men who called it down upon others. The shelf on which the divine wrath is kept is so high above us, that there is great danger of pulling it down upon our own heads, when we meddle with it for the detriment of others. But the office-seekers—they are everywhere. Dread to open a letter—dread to see a mild-looking man enter your study, office, or drawing room. He wants your influence, etc., etc. You tell him that you have no influence. "Establish one, then," he coolly suggests; and, being much persuaded, departs. Not that our men are worse than those on the other side—how could they be? But they have been so long excluded from every smallest sphere of official duty. If a leech has been kept for say eight years upon a diet of moistened clay, would he not like to draw a little blood? As for the leeches of the other party, if there is such a thing as repletion and dropping off, they, methinks, should gladly subside to apoplectic repose; but they belong to the Scriptural or horse-leech faction, who always cry, Give.

Dr. Lewis's Gymnasium has become one of the institutions of Boston. Class composed of females of various ages—excuse the expression, but "ladies" is too ambitious a designation, and the term "woman" now-a-days implies rights, and has a political significance. No hoops—dresses various, from Bloomer to Bath costume. Ladies, take your places—some forty in number. Strike up, music. The Athlete stands on an elevated platform; on him, as the model of movement, all eyes are fixed. We begin with the wooden dumbbells. Flourish them wildly over your heads; strike out right, now left; swing this way and that, all in time to the music. Ah! you're distressed for breath—shows you wanted the exercise badly. Now take the wands. Straighten, tip, present, manœuvre. Now form lines on two parallel boards, count the bean bags, and see which side will pass them all the way down, and all the way back, soonest. One, two, three—heavens! how the bean bags go—our side has won—the other this time—and so on. We look like the ablebodied witches in Macbeth, but we are merry witches, and mean no harm to any one. Only, if husbands, fathers and suitors knew precisely the strength of arm and depth of chest we tend to develop, they might think it best to put a little restraint upon Dr. Lewis, lest our pursuit of happiness, always under difficulties, should become too vigorous an occupation for domestic peace.—*Mrs. Howe, in The Tribune*.

Disaffection among the Slaves.—A conversation, which I could not help hearing, at the Charleston Hotel last night, convinces me that the disaffection among the slaves is more general even than I had imagined. A member of the Convention, who comes from the District of Prince George, was relating to a friend circumstances of a plot which he had discovered, the ramifications of which extended for miles round, and in which the servants of some score of planters were concerned. The idea which possessed the slaves seems to have been that the moment the first gun was fired in Charleston Harbor, they should make a stampede, taking with them all the property they could lay their hands upon. The most pleasing part of the story—to the relator—seemed to be the remembrance of the unmerciful whipping which he ordered to be administered to the men and women concerned in it. This is no singular case; information reaches me daily, which I do not intend to reveal, which proves, beyond all doubt, that the first gun fired against the United States government will explode a powder magazine, the vaults of which extend beneath the feet of the whole South.—*Charleston Letter in The Tribune*.

Southern Doctrines and Plans.—*De Bow's Review*, which makes high pretensions to philosophy and political economy, in its issue for the current month indulges in the following glittering generalities:

"*All government begins with usurpation and is continued by force.* Nature puts the ruling elements uppermost, and the masses below and subject to those elements. Less than this is not a government. The right to govern resides with a very small minority; and the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind."

A "Southern Planter" writing to a Tennessee paper, says: "I am somewhat acquainted with the secrets of the Secessionists, and deem it important to the people of the whole United States government to acquaint them in due time of the ulterior design of the Secession movement. The question is *not*, nor ever has been, the protection of the institution of slaves with South Carolina, but a desire for a change of government, and to avoid the effects of Northern policy upon the products of the South, as it has been represented to me by one of the secret agents that have been travelling all over the country for the last six months *incog.*, for the purpose of bearing up the masses in the border States to the cause of Secession.

But to come at once to their policy: first, it is to adopt the Constitution of the United States, under the provisional government, for one year, and, in the meantime, to get the border States to unite with them, and when that is accomplished—then, at the end of one year, to call a Convention of the seceding States and to frame a government upon a monarchical basis—and the ministers of the Southern Confederacy are instructed especially to so represent to the foreign Courts. Republican form of government is to be abolished, and the last vestige of Democracy to be destroyed under this new order of things. But the Secessionists are to withhold this intention from the people until the new government can be organized in such a way as to give it strength to secure its objects. If any shall doubt this disclosure, if it were possible to compel, by any means, the leaders of Secession to make oath as to the truth of every word above remitted, the people would *find every word true*.

Fruits of a Temporizing Policy.—Every man's opinion now is subject to revision and contradiction within a month or perhaps a week, but it seems to me clearer than ever that the mild and temporizing policy of Seward and Adams has been a dead failure, unless it was intended to facilitate a division of the Union. If it was, and if it turns out to have had that effect, I, for one, have no great fault to find. For it is more and more evident every day that there is an irrepressible conflict which will compel a separation eventually. How *can* there be a union between eighteen States which are, substantially, agreed that slavery is to be discouraged rather than extended and perpetuated, and fifteen States which believe it is a divine, benevolent and healthful institution? Between the doctrines of the Chicago platform and the speeches of its champions, and the doctrines of Alex. Stephens? It is impossible. The South, especially the cotton part of it, is given over to the hideous idea that slavery is right and must be permanent. The result of this dreadful mistake must be eventually the Africanization of the cotton States. South Carolina, Georgia, and the others will fall into the hands of the blacks, who have earned the right to the soil, and must and will have it. The ultimate result will be that we shall be obliged to come to the rescue of our white brethren, from their self-emancipated slaves, and shall probably hold the whole cotton confederacy as a province, governing it by territorial officers. If, however, the temporizing policy was intended to restore harmony, bring back the cotton States, and keep the border States from secession, without disgraceful concessions on our part, it has been a shocking and ridiculous failure. If the President, instead of making a speech over which not only Douglas and Breckinridge, but the whole country has been discussing ever since, had said to the North, "Give me a hundred million dollars and a hundred thousand men, and I will enforce the violated laws and restore the broken Union," he would have been responded to by an almost unanimous vote. Instead of losing two Congressmen in Connecticut, there would have been no opposition to the Administration in that State, or anywhere else in the free States, except perhaps Rhode Island, which it seems is still in William Sprague's breeches pocket.—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican*.

A Mother Robbed of her Son.—A number of years ago—twenty years at least—an old negress named Polly West succeeded in paying her master, a Mr. Griffin of Campbell County, Kentucky, the last dollar required to secure to her the right and title to her own body. She was then a free woman. For over sixty years she had toiled in slavery, ever sustained by the hope that she would, before her death, own herself. She then came to Cincinnati, where she was well received. But it was only to continue her toiling, for she had left behind her her son, her idol, in the chains of slavery. Through the assistance of friends, she soon raised $400, with which she went to Alexandria, Ky., to purchase the freedom of her son, Charles West, who was then between forty and fifty years of age. He was the property of Mr. Wm. Satchell, of that place. Mr. S. agreed to sell the "boy" to his mother for $600, of which $400 was to be paid down, and the balance in small payments extending over a number of years. Charles accompanied his mother to this city, and secured employment. The first money they saved was paid to the master, and so on till they had reduced the sum to a little over $100. One day Charles went out to his work as usual, but never returned. He was seized and handcuffed by two United States Deputy Marshals, taken before a Commissioner, and in less than an hour remanded to slavery as the escaped property of Mr. Satchell. He was sold South. The mother was not told the truth for a day or two, and then what could she do for her kidnapped son? Brokenhearted, she returned to her menial employment of picking and washing rags. This was about seven years ago. On Saturday last she complained to some friends that she was unwell, and calling on one of them at No. 92 West Front street, between Vine and Race, asked for some tea. She, old and decrepit, wanted nothing more. At a late hour she retired to her couch, where she was left by her friends. Next morning she was dead. There were rumors of poison—money being the object. Following the injunctions of the law, the Coroner and a jury came and made an investigation. The above facts came to light. It was also shown that the old woman—then between 80 and 90 years of age—had some $400 her due, which was to be paid over by an agent in a few days. Who this agent is, no one could tell, and it remains with the court to find out. The verdict of the jury was, "Death from old age and exposure." What has become of the son of whom she was so cruelly robbed, no one knows, but it is probable that, if alive, he is on some cotton plantation in the far South.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

DIED.

Flitcroft.—On the 17th of the Second month, 1861, near Eldridge's Hill, Salem Co., N. J., Bevan Flitcroft, in the 81st year of his age. A friend to the slave and oppressed of every clime.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts for the Quarter ending March 31.

Philadelphia Female		Mary Bunting,	5 00
A.-S. Society,	$300 00	E. and S. Bunting,	4 00
John Child,	5 00	A Friend,	7 50
Rebecca Sellers,	10 00	Redwood Warner,	10 00
A Friend,	10 00	T. W. Feego,	2 00
Hannah Hoffman,	10 00	Robert Purvis,	10 00
Mary Lewis,	15 00	Thomas Garrett,	15 00
A. L. Pennock,	5 00	Sarah Pugh, Treasurer.	

Special Notices.

The Ninth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will convene at Longwood, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on FIFTH DAY (Thursday), the 6th of Sixth month (June), 1861.

This annual assemblage is held for religious communion, for mutual interchange of thought and opinion, for the perpetuation of old friendships and the formation of new; in brief, for a festival of three days of social, intellectual and spiritual fellowship and profit. The members of this Religious Society do not hold their membership by virtue of any ecclesiastical vows or bonds, or of any real or supposed unity of theological belief. Their common faith, if it were written, would be simply and only the essential principle of love to God—a love to be exhibited, not through devotion to creeds and forms, but in lives of purity and beneficence, in the recognition and defence of the equal rights of mankind, in efforts to break the chains of the oppressed, and in a firm resistance to every form of iniquity and wrong.

To all persons having such feelings, desires and aims we extend a cordial invitation to meet and coöperate with the Society.

Persons interested in the cause to which the Society of Progressive Friends is devoted, and who may be unable to attend the Yearly Meeting, are hereby assured that written communications, expressing their sympathy with the movement, or conveying the thoughts and suggestions which seem to them adapted to its objects and needs, will be gratefully received. Communications may be addressed to Oliver Johnson, No. 5 Beekman street, New York, or to Joseph A. Dugdale, Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa.

National Woman's Rights Convention.—The Eleventh National Woman's Rights Convention will be held in Cooper Institute, New York, Thursday, May 9th, morning and afternoon, at 10 and 7½ o'clock. Admission to morning session Free—evening session 25 cents. Wendell Phillips, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Ernestine L. Rose, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell and others, will address the Convention.

If, in the language of Emerson, "Men are what their mothers made them," the vigor and virtue of a nation must depend on the character of its women.

If we would build up a free Republic, on a firm, enduring foundation, we must have a higher, nobler type of womanhood than advancing civilization has yet produced.

If we would have a wise and just government, that shall stand the test of ages, we must secure equal political power to the women of the nation.

We invite all who are interested in the education and elevation of Woman, to aid us with their presence and their counsels.

In behalf of the National Woman's Rights Committee,

E. Cady Stanton, President.

Susan B. Anthony, Secretary.

Advertisements.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,
WITH GLASS CLOTH-PRESSER, IMPROVED LOOP CHECK,
NEW-STYLE HEMMER, BINDER, CORDER, ETC., AT REDUCED PRICES
OFFICE, No. 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"This Machine makes the 'Lock-Stitch,' and ranks highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done, and the wide range of its application."—*Report of American Institute, N. Y.*

This Report was in accordance with the awards at the Fair of the United States Agricultural Society; at the Fairs of the
American Institute, New York,
Mechanic's Association, Boston,
Franklin Institute, Philadelphia,
Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, Washington,
Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore,
Mechanics' Association, Cincinnati,
Kentucky Institute, Louisville,
Mechanical Association, St. Louis,
Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco;
at the State Fairs of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Tennessee, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and at hundreds of County Fairs.

SPLENDID APPLE ORCHARD—
FOR CASH, $5,000

An investment that Disunion panics will not endanger, may be made in

SIXTY FIVE ACRES OF EXCELLENT LAND,

On which are a valuable Marl-Pit, 1,100 choice, thrifty, 3-year-old Peach Trees, and 1,250 Apple Trees—comprising many choice kinds:
Yellow Bellefleur, Newtown Pippin, Spitzenburg,
Red Astrachan, English Codling, Swaar,
Maiden's Blush, Black Gilliflower, Baldwin,
R. I. Greening, Jersey Sweeting, Gravenstien.
And Twenty other Varieties.

These Trees, which are from 8 to 15 years old, have had much care and expense bestowed on them, and are thrifty and beautiful, and a good portion of them have begun to bear freely. In the hands of a skilful fruit-culturist, this property might be made very productive. The farm is well adapted to all early crops, and strawberries and other small fruit. It is in one of the most healthy and beautiful parts of Monmouth Co., N. J.; only five miles from Red Bank; has a fine, commanding house site on it, and is *entirely free* from mosquitoes and intermittent fevers.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old familiar seat:
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards,
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind remembered faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And gliding through the quiet sunshine
A shadow on the floor.

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold
Yet never passes o'er.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

THE BEE WORLD.

We happened to be overhearing but yesterday a nursery lesson administered to our youngest child, aged six, and the superiority of knowledge exhibited by that infant, compared with any which we were possessed of concerning the subject in hand, completely confounded us.

"What do we know, my little dear, about bees?" inquired the governess, in that insinuating tone by which information is supposed to be most easily extracted from the young. "What do we know, now, about bees?" It was surprising, we repeat, how much that little girl did know about them, of which her learned father, as he was called in court, was profoundly ignorant; and yet there was Huber in our library, and even a pamphlet just published upon the "Management of Bees" lying on our desk. We reiterated to ourselves the question of the governess: "What do you know, Mr. Paterfamilias, about bees?" and we blushed in the solitude of our study as we answered thus:

We know that Dr. Watts inquires—no, remarks with admiration—"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!" and that a previous poet, Virgil, has paid that insect many deserved compliments. But we also remember a rather alarming picture in one of Virgil's books of a certain ox lying dead with a swarm of bees about him, who, it is our strong impression, had stung him to death.

We know that bees *do* sting, since we have a distinct recollection of having in our childhood suffered from them, when our beloved parents placed our nose in a blue bag, with the mistaken idea of allaying the irritation: it did not allay it, but increased our terror and distress very much. We thought that the color would never be washed away—like Shakspeare's celebrated fast and indelible red, which would see the multitudinous seas incarnadined first—and that we should have a blue nose for life. We did not learn, nor have we done so to this hour, why that bag was blue.

We know that one of the prettiest ornaments in the cottagers' gardens of the village at home were beehives, which somehow gave us the same notion of comfort and plenty in their case as was afforded by the more ungainly wheat ricks in the farmyard; and justly so, for those persons who kept bees were themselves a provident class, and always laid something in store against *their* winter.

We know that the bee inserts himself into very curious places, after a silent and burglarious fashion, although doubtless with the best intentions. The way in which he comes booming out of the bell of a flower which one has gathered in ignorance of his being there, is exceedingly startling; and we have some faint notion that he manages to get into bottles of very old port wine, and to leave his wings there.

Finally, we know that there is such an insect as a queen bee, but what she does, except (we suppose) reign, we have no idea; and this last piece of profundity completes our knowledge upon the entire subject.

Honest reader, can you lay *your* hand upon your heart, and protest that you know anything more than this about bees? If so, you may be even an Apiarian—in which case we have nothing to say to you. Go to! We are addressing ourselves to simple Christian folk; to them who were ignorant, as we ourselves were yesterday, and whom we would make as wise as we are to-day. We have found a poem—the Romaunt of the Bee—the existence of which we had never dreamed of; an epic we had never looked into, although it has stood on the shelf in the garden opposite for many a summer, and though we knew its title—the Beehive—perfectly well. Let us turn it over (in our mind, that is, for practically it would be dangerous), and extract the honey (the poetry and the humor), leaving the wax and other glutinous material (the desperately scientific and statistical information) for those of stronger digestions.

Even science herself, however, discards her harsh appellations, and grows almost musical when speaking about bees. She calls them *Anthrophila* and *Mellifera*, the flower-loving and the honey-hearing, albeit she is greatly at fault for a fit title for that golden down which they delight to pilfer from the swinging flower bells, and terms it *pollen.* "I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower," sings an unknown poet, but probably one cursed with the improvidence of his race, and whose opinions were certainly at variance with those of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. How much better would it be to be born in a nice warm hive; to be swathed in silk, or some substance equally pleasant, and less expensive, termed "cocoon"; and to be fed on honey dew, like him who beheld the palace of Kubla Khan! How happier far must he the hour when the bee first "feels his feet," than that enjoyed by the infant homo under the same circumstances, for such members are economically denied to bees until they are absolutely wanted; and how still more delicious the day on which he first emerges upon his silver wings into the summer air!

At the same epoch when the purple-colored child is squalling in its nurse's arms, objecting to its straight-waistcoat, and nervously apprehensive of pins, the infant bee is drinking in all the glories of earth and air. He sings to himself for very happiness. In every flower he finds odors, and delicious sweetmeats, and enjoys them both, accompanied by the most delightful motion, like that of a school boy in his swing or a sailor in his hammock. In a cowslip's bell he lies, or under the blossom that hangs on the bough; and this is his *work* mind you. The bee, in addition to these ravishing pleasures, has the crowning satisfaction of the sense of toil—of doing his duty to others as well as to himself. When he has eaten enough, he proceeds, in contempt of a polite rule to the contrary, which trammels most human children, to fill his little pockets. He has a bag into which he puts the precious honey-drops until it is quite full, and he has also two side receptacles in his legs for the *pollen.* If it has been showery, he saves himself the trouble of making this up into homœopathic golden pills, and by pocketing them, rolling himself bodily among it wherever it is found; he thus acquires a coat of many colors—red, white, yellow, or blue—so that the intelligent florist who observes him thus decked out, can tell the very flowers from which the vagrant has been thieving; and when he returns home, which he does as straight as an arrow, after a flight upwards at the rate of a mile a second to take its bearings, his friends are not too proud to brush him carefully down, and put away all the pollen into the granary. It is this which makes what is called bee bread; for bees are not so greedy as some little boys, who will eat their honey without any bread to it. Perhaps the queen, whom we read of in the nursery song as eating bread and honey in her parlor, was after all but a queen bee; but this is a question suitable only for the antiquarian commentators. The indoor work of bees is as light as their open-air avocations. The hive being limited, and the number of bees continually increasing, a thorough system of ventilation becomes necessary. The workers are therefore "told off" by sixties or so at a time, and accomplish the desired object by standing on their feet and "making believe" with their wings to fly. This is certainly no exhausting labor, such as we humans always find "raising the wind" to be; and some old bees of lethargic temperament prefer to stay at home, and pull the punkah, to wandering about gardens and roaming over the heathery hills with their comrades. What vulgar outside persons may choose to say about their increased weight, and of how that less than five thousand (in consequence of these sedentary habits) are now going to the pound, is nothing to them; since they have no sense of hearing, or if they once had it, it has been dazed and destroyed by the continuous buzzing going on around them. For consider—you that have but one bee in your bonnet—what it must be to have fifteen thousand bees (which is not a large hive full) all under the same straw hat! It is useless, then, for the unscientific man to bring out his tongs and warming-pan with the idea of attracting bees to swarm. They are mercifully denied by nature the organs for the appreciation of that music. Thieves, of course, are not to be feared by such courageous householders, but the moth breaks through at night sometimes, and steals after a very singular manner—namely, by giving. She lays her eggs in the hive, cuckoo fashion, and their voracious *larvæ* devour the honey. No wonder, then, that the bees fear moths—*timeut Danaos et dona ferentes*, a scholarly quotation which we have not often so good an opportunity of introducing.

Hitherto, we have spoken only of working bees, who form about four-fifths of a swarm. The other fifth is composed of those who neither toil nor spin, nor gather into hives, and who are therefore—by peasants and other rude persons concerned in the management of bees—somewhat contemptuously termed drones. Did ever lover pass by such a name? These live for love, and die for love, too, as we shall presently hear; and it is no wonder, perhaps, that they are despised by soulless drudges. They are, every one of them, passionately in love with the queen bee. These two thousand or so are all enamored of the one solitary female who exists in this blessed community. She is wooed and won in the air, miles and miles away above mortal ken; and just as in the grand old fairy tales, the favored lovers of this enchanting princess never live to boast of their happiness. You may see hundreds of them whirling up from the entrance of the hive into the blue empyrean, and presently the queen bee herself, like the monarch of Lilliput, conspicuous by her length above her fellows, majestic, Junonic, takes her mysterious flight skyward also. She knows not which of her suitors will be waiting for her, doubtless with bended knee, although there is nothing to put it on, nor the spot where she will meet with him, for there is no making trysting place in the realms of space. Zephyr alone, remembering perhaps his young days with Aurora, conducts her to some happy bee in viewless air. Is not this a true poem? And the young courtier that never comes back to hive again, by which alone the rest know whom to envy, is not he a fit and tragical hero? But better so, Maybe(e), than to live on, an unfavored drone, until the late autumn, then to be stung to death by the laboring classes, lest one should help to eat that winter store which one has been too high and mighty to help to gather!

These democrats, however, are to their sovereign lady the queen loyal to their backbone, or would be so, did they not happen to be invertebrate animals. The very emblem of royalty in old Egypt was a bee, by reason, doubtless of this very devotion. Whenever the queen moves about the hive, she is attended by a volunteer body-guard, as tiny but as assiduous as they who waited upon Titania's self, and who take charge of her majesty's eggs as soon as they are deposited. Even if a strange queen bee is introduced into the hive, their respect for her office is so great that the inhabitants do not dip their stings in her royal blood, but content themselves with hedging her closely round until she is suffocated, or else they starve her to death like another Duke of Albany. The queen bee herself, however, brooks no rival near her throne. Immediately after her election, her first idea is to put to death, after the oriental example, all other members of the royal family. The very infants in the cradles are not spared, and unless the working bees prevent it by incessant watchfulness, the cocoons of the royal babes are made their winding-sheets. Even while employed in thus curbing the despotism of their sovereign, however, her subjects are as deferential to her as any policeman to an intoxicated M.P. They merely stand round the cells, and remark, "Not this way, your majesty. We are very sorry, but must perform our duty. No admittance to the nursery, even on business. Infanticide is respectfully prohibited. Even if this murder of the Innocents is accomplished, however, there is no lack of successors to the crown, or royal leaders to an emigrant swarm. The bees not only elect but *make* their queens. They have only got to enlarge an ordinary cell, which an infant working bee would otherwise have been born into, and, lo! out of the common egg a princess royal makes her appearance. Thus, as in chess, a pawn may be exchanged for a queen. The faculty for government all depends upon the dimensions of the cradle. In the bee world, therefore, there are no incapables at the head of affairs, as we see in Austria, Spain, or Naples, but the talents accompany the titles. What a grand House of Lords might be composed of such a hereditary peerage as this, of "senators born" and produced wholesale by some beneficent hatching apparatus! A comparison of the bee world with our own, seldom turns out, alas! to the advantage of the latter.

Hitherto, we have been, as it were, in fairyland, settling, like the bees themselves, only upon the objects that most please us; but, indeed, all bee matters are charming, except their stings, and the soberest facts about them seem to partake of the marvellous. Let us end with a wonderful statement culled from the pamphlet we have already mentioned, by Dr. Mackenzie, upon the "Management of Bees."

"And now we come to the extraordinary and invaluable discovery of M. Gelieu, a Swiss clergyman—namely, that should we add even four stocks of bees to our hive No. 1 in October, the *five* stocks will consume no more honey than No. 1 would have done if left alone!

"I was myself quite incredulous in this matter, till, by many an experiment, I proved it to be positively and always true.

"The reason of it will probably ever remain a secret, hardly to be solved by the suggestion that the new-comers feel a scruple as to eating the honey they had no hand in collecting.

"But, whatever be the reason, the consequence is, that if there ever was an excuse once for killing our bees, assuredly there can be none *now;* since, even if no single hive has enough of honey, we can easily feed it to the proper weight, and then add to it the bees from hives that would otherwise have perished from hunger.

"We can thus, even in the worst honey years, always insure one or more strong hives, certain to do well and swarm early, when all others, neglected as usual by their owners, who have never heard of this management, will have died."

And we wonder what the Political Economist will have to say to *that.—Chambers's Journal.*

SNOW-STORM REFLECTIONS.

The gusty month of March holds on its way with us, as doubtless with you, astonishing everybody with its vagaries, and making welcome the thought that we have but little more to suffer at its hands. First, there came that balmy time, you remember? We thought that the millennium had really come, that the Lion of March had indeed lain down with the Lamb of April, that there was to be no shivering more, and that rheumatism and heartache were to flee away forever. What a sudden condensation was there of this golden vapor of Hope! Last week was a week of snows. We took leave of Perambulation. Social life was not. The bravest of us opened our doors, and over the snow heaps in front of them nodded at our neighbors opposite, and wished we were able to shake hands with them. Exchanging mild smiles and shrugs of inability, we closed the door again, turned over the books on the study table, wished there was a corner in kitchen, parlor, cellar, or rag-bag that we hadn't explored, and didn't know by heart. How we hate our homes when we can't get out of them, and how we long for them when we can't get at them! These contrasts are curious, and should be deeply considered in the plan of every life. Mme. de Maintenon gave her confessor as a reason against embracing a monastic career, that "in the world our returns are always for God, but in the convent our returns are always for the world." This was a true woman's saying, simple, but full of suggestion. It is good to place ourselves sometimes so that we shall have returns which, I take it, are reactionary longings toward the best things and toward our best friends. Isolation heightens sympathy, and I fear our poor virtue needs the seasoning of an occasional repentance. Besides, we like to make a clean cut occasionally, and distinguish ourselves from our surroundings. Else, we and they get so wedded that we scarcely know ourselves apart. Do I own these four walls, or do they own me, and detain me here for their pleasure and preservation? Do I want these books, or do their ghostly authors seize me wandering near the shelves, impanel me by the button-hole, and insist upon pouring their bottled-up wisdom into my passive mind? I once read a terrible treatise of Fichte upon the *me and not me*, in which he gave so many reasons why I could not be the washstand, nor the washstand me, that I began after awhile to doubt the fact. Had I read further, I think I should never have known myself from house furniture again. Let me here remark that many of these gymnastics of German metaphysics seem to have no other office than that of harmlessly emptying the brain of all its electricity. Their battery strikes no hammer, turns no wheel. Fichte, having decided that he was not the washstand, smoked, took beer, and walked out to meet some philosophic friend, who, viewing himself *inclusive*, as the Germans say, thought he might be that among other things. Fatherland, meantime, going to the Devil—strong hands wanted, clear practical brains—infinitesimal oppression to be undermined, the century helped on. "I am not the washstand," says Fichte; "I am everything," says Hegel. Fatherland, take care of yourself. Yet who shall say that it is not a vital point to know our real selves from the factitious personalities imposed upon us, and to distinguish between the symptoms of our fancy, and the valid phenomena of our lives? All this is deep; don't put it in your waste-paper basket, which is deeper still; cruel, moreover, as the basket of the headsman, who waits upon the guillotine.—*Mrs. Howe, in The Tribune.*

ENTERTAINING EPITAPHS.

From The Springfield Republican.

No description of serious literature has ever afforded so much amusement to the world as the various styles of epitaphs, some purposely pointed and epigrammatic, some irresistibly laughable from their very baldness and simplicity. Their collection is a source of infinite pleasure to many a curiosity-loving literary hunter, and the English press has in times past given us printed volumes of these gleanings from the churchyards. One of the best and largest collections we know of in this country is in manuscript and was made by Mr. C. H. Sweetser of Amherst College; and from its pages we take the following gems:

ON A TALLOW CHANDLER, REMARKABLE FOR HIS OBESITY.

Here lies in earth an honest fellow,
Who died by fat and lived by tallow.

ON A MISER.

Here lies one who for medicine would not give
A little gold, and so his life was lost;
I fancy now he'd surely wish to live
Could he but know how much his funeral cost.

ON A WOMAN KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

She died by lightning sent from Heaven
In 1777.

CORNWALL EPITAPH.

Father and mother and I
Lie buried here asunder;
Father and mother lie buried here
And I lie buried yonder.

EPITAPH FROM IPSWICH, MASS.

Death is a debt to nature due,
We've paid the debt, and so must you.

BY A HUSBAND, ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIVES.

On the First.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

On the Second.

"I called upon the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles."

BURNS, ON HIS PRINTER.

Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murdered Johnny.
Ah, here his body lies fu' low!
For saul, he ne'er had ony.

ON AN ITALIAN CARDINAL.

Here lies a cardinal, who wrought
Both good and evil in his time:
The good he did was good for naught:
Not so the evil; that was prime.

ON AN ORATOR, BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes;
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one half my speeches.

Piron wished to become a member of the French Academy, and failing, revenged himself by writing an epitaph which may be translated thus:

Here lies Piron, who held no position,
Not even that of Academician.

ON FOOTE, THE COMEDIAN.

Foote from his earthly stage, alas, is hurled;
Death took him off who took off all the world.

ON A BOASTING CAPTAIN.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones,
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice:
He swore all's true, and here he *lies.*

FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.

Reader, I've left this world, in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to get rich—
Just such a fool as you.

ON JOHN HALE OF PORTSMOUTH.

God takes the good,
Too good by far to stay;
And leaves the bad,
Too bad to take away.

ON A MISER.

Here crumbling lies beneath this mould
A man whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest,
Though twice ten thousand filled his chest;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the want of more.

ON DANIEL PIERCE.

Here lies interred a soul indeed
Whom few or none excelled;
In grace if any him exceed
He'll be unparalleled!

ON WILLIAM BUTTON.

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into button-holes?

ON THE EMINENT BARRISTER, SIR JOHN STRANGE.

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is Strange.

FAMILY EPITAPH.

From Broom churchyard, England.

God be praised!
Here is Mr. Dudley, senior,
And Jane his wife also,
Who while living was his superior,
But see what Death can do.
Two of his sons also lie here,
One Walter, 'tother Joe;
They all of them went in the year
1510 below.

ON A MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone; ha, how so?
Because beneath lies Miles, who's Miles below.

ON WILLIAM WRAY.

Here lieth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray:
I have no more to say!

ON A VIXEN.

This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record,
For they're well known to all the town—
But it was *raised*, to keep her *down.*

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of our verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast killed another
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

ON BUTLER, AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patrons would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

[We do not know to what paper the following should be credited.]

In a certain New England village graveyard may be seen the following novel inscription:

This stone is sacred to the memory of
Mrs. Dorothy Sanderson.
She was a virtuous wife, a tender mother,
a faithful friend,
and *always attended public worship.*

In the churchyard at Nether Alderly there is a grave-stone over the remain Henehel, the village blacksmith, on which lines:

My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice is in the dust all laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

The following belongs to "Green Erin," and may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin:

Here lies the body of John Mound—
Lost at sea and never found.

The following conveys a back-handed compliment:

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. *She lived with her said husband 50 years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.*

The next must have been written by a son of the Emerald Isle:

Here lie my three young children dear,
Two at Harlington, and one here.

An Illinois farmer having buried a pair of favorite horses, accidentally killed, placed over their remains the following classic inscription:

Peace to their manes!

The following epitaph appeared in the papers a hundred and odd years ago, on the death of Frederick Louis, eldest son of George II., and describes the feeling of the public of that day in regard to the royal family:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

We conclude with the following tribute to departed worth, which is to be seen in an old graveyard in England:

Thou wast too good to live on earth with me,
And I not good enough to die with thee.

RITUAL RELIGION.

The conventional ideas which abound of piety or Christian character, and which represent themselves by the officialism of religion, are most imperfect, and most fatal to true manhood. There is a supposition that we are by Christianity called into a system of observances. God forbid that I should undertake to decry the benefit of regularity in the means of grace. If it be better for men that there should be appointed times for prayer, for worship, for reading, for singing, or for meditation, let such times be appointed, and let them be observed. The time element, the element of regularity, is a very important element of life, and it may as well be applied to religious as to commercial or any other affairs. But there grows up a system of religious observances which tends to usurp the whole life, and to make men think that they are Christians because they have read the Bible, and prayed, and observed the Sabbath, and attended the weekly meetings, and conformed to the ceremonies of the Church. There is a kind of religious officialism which takes the place of manly qualities.

Now the observance of days and forms and usages is well, if you observe them as instruments. Nevertheless, a man may strictly observe all the holy days, and scrupulously comply with all the requirements of the Church to which he belongs, his life may be officially correct in every particular, and yet he may be proud, and envious, and selfish, and jealous, and worldlyminded; while, on the other hand, a man may not keep the Sabbath conscientiously, nor observe one of the outward instruments of Christianity, and yet be just, and pure, and reverent, and loving toward God and man, and Christian in all the outlines and details of his life. I do not undertake to say how far you shall observe the ordinances of religion. In this matter every man must be left partly to his education, partly to his taste, and partly to the circumstances which surround him; but this I do say: that books, days, modes of worship, and things like these, are merely instrumental, and that a man may be perfect in them and be a Pharisee, or he may not touch them and be a Christian. A true Christian life is a life in which all the faculties are developed and educated, in which the soul and mind are made strong, and in which their fruit is made apparent according to the commands of Christ.—*H. W. Beecher.*

MANHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND.

Could our illustrious, obscure, and ignoble ancestry—could they that were but a handful, kicked out of England to Holland, and thence crossing to our shores, so poor that the very Indians did not fear them—could they, by a high faith in manhood, fight out their way to empire, and are we, their sons, to stand simpering and crying, with a continent subdued, and all the wealth in our hands, and the principles of liberty—to be alarmed because we are told that fifteen States going off, with Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea on their backs, are to leave us poor and desolate?

New England is the mother of government in these United States. Virginia, indeed, gave us great statesmen. New York has done great things for this confederacy. But the radical ideas of liberty, and the first applications of it to civil society, and the original patterns of Republican institutions, belong to New England. The moulds are not yet broken. If the work of eighty years should be effaced, New England would immediately begin again.

If the South secede, will rivers be dried up? "But what shall we do with our products?" Just what we have always done. The same wants will remain. Votes never make shoes, or hats, or coats. You may scoop back the bubbling waters, but you do not turn the stream back. The laws of production and demand will not change. States may vote that they shall not use Northern manufactures, and seceding conventions may cast across the streams of commerce their dams of revolutions; but it will be in vain.

All the world relies upon our industry, nor lives there upon earth an arm that can shut it up. Ours is the climate, ours the grass and grain, the little farms and the great farmers, the men and the mills. Men can make mills; God only can make men. To hear men talk, one would think the population of New England was the offspring of factories and banks and finance, and that when something was wrong there, something must be wrong among the offspring of banks and finance—among the people. The way to cure troubles is to cure men; and they will set all things right. Ours is the wealth, the strength; ours the blood and muscle to work. The North is, one enormous brain, and this is our wealth—our blood. Burn up our houses; we will build better ones. Sink our ships; the men that built [illegible] left to build others. Destroy our markets; [illegible] made the markets can make others. If [illegible] want shoes down South, they can go [illegible]; if they don't want clothes, let them try naked a little while.

If they do want them, we must make them; for we can make them cheapest, and they must buy of those who sell cheapest, by the same law that makes water run down hill. It is all stuff to say the South will not buy of the North. Nobody but cowards would believe that, and nobody but fools say it (laughter). As the stars fought in their courses against Sisera, so the elements of nature itself fight against wrong, and against slavery, which is wrong.

We ought to regard our principles not only as does the martyr who perishes for them, but as warriors who take their sword and know there is victory in it. We have only to stand firm, and say to men who compromise—"No, we will do justly and have no occasion for compromise" (applause). What do they ask of us? Whatever is right we will not wait to be asked for; we will do it without asking—whatever is fraternal.

But when they ask us to save an infernal and detestable abomination, to give up conscience in order that we may save slavery, and men walk about, ringing their gold and silver, saying conscience is an abstraction and money the real good—to such we say, compromises, made for infernal reasons by devilish men, can never save the State. I hold it is knaves and fools that make compromises, and the knaves put up the building and the fools become servants in it.

The South is not a cunning Delilah, and the North is not a coarse-grained, dull-headed Samson, with more strength than brains to manage it with (laughter). The North is possessed of forces vital, abundant, exhaustless. Look down, then, into the future. See with what auspices we two commence life—the South a wasteful consumer, the North a thrifty producer; the South shiftless, easy, improvident, the North fore-handed, economical, industrious; the North ahead with wealth, the South ahead with debt. Cotton is to this nation a mere circulating medium.

The North is banker and the South is borrower, and I say Solomon was wise in the long run—"The borrower is servant to the lender." You are the strongest, the best, the truest, the most manly, and you behave noblest, and the South has no right to charge you with wronging her; and it is shame for you to go down upon your knees to these men, as arrogant as plantation manners can make them.

All the elements of civilization are naturally here. They are not imported; they come from our nature, they are spontaneous. In the South the civilization has come from us, and barbarism is indigenous. The sceptre is in the North, the power, the throne, the [illegible] is in the North; let us not abdicate, let us [illegible] while and see the salvation of our God. [illegible] step from moral principle is a step of [illegible] from the principles of our illustrious ancestors. Their whole life was an exhibition of faith in truth and rectitude. Are we tired of their exhibition? Are we faithless to that experiment? Manhood founded in Christian faith has power to organize society and develop civilization and foster art. And we of all men shall be most recreant to culture, to hereditary ideas, to the whole form and ground of our social and civic life, if we are found wanting in faith in manhood.

I hold myself to be most friendly to the South. I am. Because I conduct a criminal process, may I not love the criminal? Because I scourge my child for wickedness, may it not be that I love my child? Things that make against justice, humanity, and human liberty, in the South, I abhor with undying hate; but for the people I have nothing but love. May the day never come when New England shall be thrice base, having bowed down in political matters by having first bowed down in conscience, and relinquished at once her God, her duty, and her fellow-men! That day will never come. But when the end of this conflict is secured, then, standing high in lustre, as the temple on Mount Zion, New England will be found true to her bills of rights and constitutions, and to her immortal ancestry (applause).—*H. W. Beecher's Lecture in Boston.*

The Worth of Man.—I have seen exposed in jewellers' windows presents which were given by princes to their favorites—necklaces glittering with exquisite pearls; wristlets glowing with the strange shooting fires of the opal, surrounded by diamonds as sentinel witnesses of its splendor; rings in great profusion; various ornaments for the hair; and nameless other articles of the toilet—and which were registered with incredible values. But, after all, the poorest man that walks from his hole into the sunlight, is a casket carrying jewels of more variety and more value, ten million times over, than the most princely casket ever contained, or than legal munificence ever squandered on a worthless favorite. Call men mere animals, look at them simply as beasts, and there is not a man living who does not carry in him that which is more wonderful than anything that mortals ever produced. Nothing on the globe; nothing in the stars; nothing in the revelations of the microscope; nothing that the statesman thinks of; nothing that history or poetry embalms, can be of so much importance to a man as to be able to answer these simple homely questions: What am I? What am I doing? Which way am I going? Where am I making my investments? What is my future to be, as indicated from my present tendencies and conditions? There can be nothing on earth half so important to a man as his own self. It is right to feel a lively interest in nature, in human society, and in the events of that great world-history which is always going on around us, and in our day. But what kingdom on earth is so wide or so important as the kingdom of God in a man's own soul? The Russian empire constitutes the largest earthly dominion; and yet the sun need not employ half its hours in going from side to side of it. And the kingdom of the soul shall not have been traversed when the sun itself is burned to the socket, and its light has gone out. It is infinite; it is endless.—*H. W. Beecher.*

MY WILL.

Since I have no lands or houses,
And no hoarded golden store,
What can I leave those who love me
When they see my face no more?
Do not smile; I am not jesting,
Though my words sound gay and light.
Listen to me, dearest Alice,
I will make my will to-night.

First for Mabel, who will never
Let the dust of future years
Dim the thought of me, but keep it
Brighter still—perhaps with tears;
In whose eyes whate'er I glance at,
Touch, or praise, will always shine,
Through a strange and sacred radiance,
By Love's charter, wholly mine;
She will never lend another
Slenderest link of thought I claim,
I will therefore to her keeping,
Leave my memory and my name.

Bertha will do truer service
To her kind than I have done,
So I leave to her young spirit
The long work I have begun.
Well! the threads are tangled, broken,
And the colors do not blend,
She will lend her earnest striving,
Both to finish and amend:
And, when it is all completed,
Strong with care and rich with skill,
Just because my hands began it,
She will love it better still.

Ruth shall have my dearest token,
The one link I dread to break,
The one duty that I live for,
She, when I am gone, will take.
Sacred is the trust I leave her,
Needing patience, prayer, and tears,
I have striven to fulfil it,
As she knows, these many years.
Sometimes hopeless, faint, and weary,
Yet a blessing shall remain
With the task, and Ruth will prize it
For my many hours of pain.

What must I leave for my Alice?
Nothing, love, to do or bear,
Nothing that can dim your blue eyes
With the slightest cloud of care;
I will leave my heart to love you
With the tender faith of old,
Still to comfort, warm, and light you,
Should your life grow dark or cold;
No one else, my child, can claim it;
If you find old scars of pain,
They were only wounds, my darling,
There is not, I trust, one stain.

Are my gifts indeed so worthless
Now the slender sum is told?
Well! I know not; years may bless them
With a nobler price than gold.
Am I poor? Ah, no, most wealthy!
Not in these poor gifts you take,
But in the true hearts that tell me
You will keep them for my sake.

—*All the Year Round.*

Foreign Gleanings.

Mr. John Petherick, H. B. M. Consul for the Soudan, has a work in the press, entitled "Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa," with explorations from Khartoum, on the White Nile, to the regions of the Equator, being sketches from sixteen years' travel.

The London Stereoscopic Company are preparing for presentation to Her Majesty an album of portraits, which is to contain a gallery of three hundred of her most eminent living subjects—poets, historians, statesmen, artists, and divines.

Some Physiological Discussions are going forward as to whether the use of tea is injurious or beneficial to the human body. The debate originated from the opinion expressed by Prof. Johnstone (author of "Chemistry of Common Life"), that a good cup of tea prevents the waste of the body, and nourishes the system. The Professor's opinion seems to be most satisfactory to those who are fondest of the beverage. Two hundred years ago many of the most eminent physicians of Holland published treatises favoring its use, regarding it as a panacea—against whom arose, among the Dutch faculty, an opposing party who denounced the effusion as "bay-water." Dr. Doran says (in "Table Traits"), "It is often injurious from being drunk at too high a temperature, when the same quantity of the fluid at a lower temperature would be beneficial." But, whatever may be the virtues of tea in its pure state, it is certain that, as sloe leaves are very generally made to pass for Souchong, and as there is neither any good nor any evil in sloe leaves, the majority of tea drinkers need not trouble themselves with the controversy.

Researches in Carthage.—In "Carthage and its Remains" Dr. Davis has given an interesting account of his excavations and researches on the site of the great Phœnician city, which, at one period, disputed the empire of the west with Rome itself. The writer has been for some time past commissioned by Her Majesty's government to conduct those explorations; and he has brought to light a large number of remarkable mosaics, fragments of figures, tablets, coins and inscriptions, which will add materially to the priceless treasures of antiquity already deposited in the British Museum. According to some archæologists, these remains are either Roman or Byzantine; but the Doctor is decidedly of opinion that they are Punic. The tremendous fiat of the victorious Roman—"*Delenda est Carthago*"—is, in some degree, nullified by the labors of Dr. Davis. The old city of Dido, and the adjacent territory of that splendid, but little known, African republic, live again in the singular resurrection now going on; and in this volume just issued the reader is enabled, by means of the letter press and of the numerous steel engravings, chromo-lithographs, aquatints and wood cuts, to derive a faithful idea of the interesting specimens of ancient art which Dr. Davis has rescued from the sandy oblivion of the desert.

Domestic Annals of Scotland.—Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, has published another volume of his interesting "Domestic Annals of Scotland." The former volume had reference to the period "from the Reformation to the Revolution" in the middle of the seventeenth century; the present volume takes the reader from the latter of those periods to the Rebellion of 1745. It is a melancholy history of fanaticism, bigotry, ignorance and cruelty; in other words, a history of Puritanism in its worst, not its best, form. The extreme rigor of society towards women who had forgotten their virtue produced a large number of cases of concealment of birth, sometimes resulting in the death of the infants. Thereupon, the Parliament made a law declaring that in all such cases of death, even though unintentional, concealment of birth should be regarded as equivalent to murder. Of course, the result was that women were not made any the more virtuous, but that concealment was resorted to with a greater elaboration of secrecy. Mr. Chambers gives some lamentable stories of the abominable inhumanity of the law, the law-makers, and the Judges at that time in Scotland. Matters of opinion were punished with as much rigor as lapses from virtue, if the opinions were not in strict accordance with Presbyterian notions. A man was imprisoned and made to do penance for having recounted from a book which he had read certain infidel doctrines, which, however, he earnestly declared to the Privy Council did not express his own views. This same Privy Council used to search the booksellers' shops for all works of an objectionable character, and to suppress them—an interference with the right of private judgment thoroughly Papistical in its character, though done by these Popery-hating Presbyterians.

The Bottom of the Sea.—Our investigations go to show that the roaring waves and the mightiest billows of the ocean repose, not upon hard or troubled beds, but upon cushions of still water; that everywhere at the bottom of the deep sea the solid ribs of the earth are protected, as with a garment, from the abrading action of its currents; that the cradle of its restless waves is lined by a stratum of water at rest, or so nearly at rest that it can neither wear nor move the lightest bit of drift that once lodges there. The uniform appearance of these microscopic shells, and the almost total absence among them of any sediment from the sea or foreign matter, suggest most forcibly the idea of perfect repose at the bottom of the sea. Some of the specimens are as pure and as free from sea sand as the fresh fallen snowflake is from the dust of the earth. Indeed these soundings almost prove that the sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of these minute shells; and we may readily imagine that the wrecks which strew its bottom are, in the process of ages, hidden under this fleecy covering, presenting the rounded appearance which is seen over the body of the traveller who has perished in the snow storm. The ocean, especially within and near the tropics, swarms with life. The remains of myriads of moving things are conveyed by currents, and scattered and lodged in the course of time all over its bottom. This process, continued for ages, has covered the depths of the ocean as with a mantle, consisting of organisms as delicate as hoar frost, and as light in the water as down is in the air. The tooth of running water is very sharp. See how the Niagara has cut its way through layer after layer of solid rock. But what is the Niagara, with all the fresh-water courses of the world, by the side of the great currents of ocean? And what is the pressure of fresh water upon river beds in comparison with the pressure of ocean water upon the bottom of the deep sea? It is not so great by contrast as the gutters in the streets are to the cataract. Then why have not the currents of the sea worn its bottom away? Simply because they have not been permitted to get down to it.—*All the Year Round.*

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